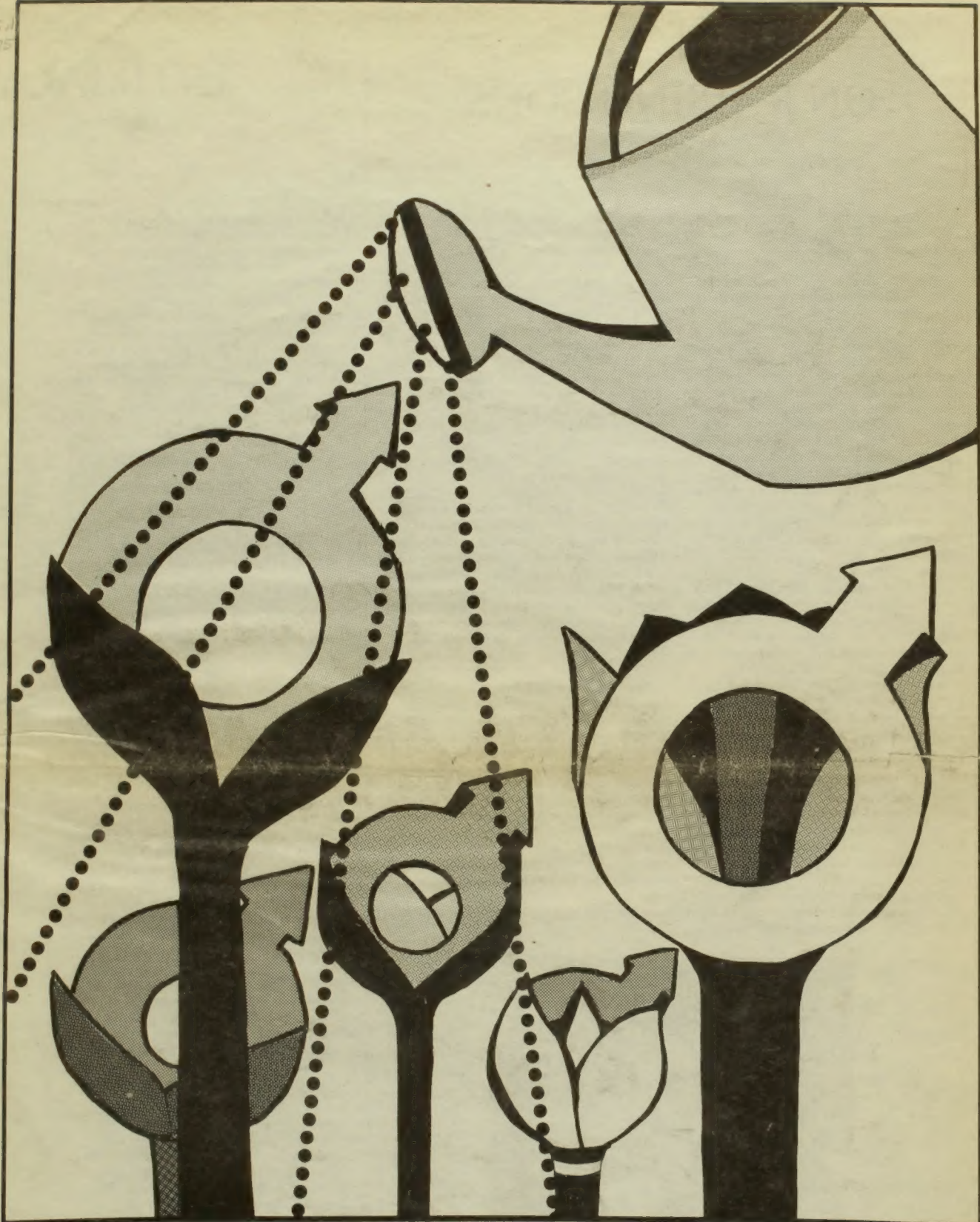




EXPONENT II

VOLUME XIV

NUMBER TWO - 1988

8801
+Brigham Young Univ.
Serials Section
6385 Lee Library
Provo UT 84602

**PAID
SUBSCRIPTION**

EXPONENT II
P.O. Box 37, Arlington, MA 02174
Address Correction Requested

Nonprofit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Boston, MA
Permit No. 59469

ON RAISING SONS

Ann Gardner Stone
Evanston, Illinois

A woman was asked her thoughts on raising a son. She replied, "With any luck, he'll do some yard work."

This rather facetious reply reflects some of the frustration and the fear that many mothers feel as they take on the job of raising male children. Besides the obvious physical differences that can be alienating and a bit scary (there is nothing quite like the fright of stumbling into the bathroom in the middle of the night and falling into a cold toilet whose lid was left up by the males of the family), mothers must also face the centuries of cultural definitions that tell both boy and mother what it is to be a man. And what if a mother sees that some of those old definitions do not work—in fact, may even be detrimental to the eternal progress of her son? If she chooses to follow her heart, she must then worry that the change in the way that her son is raised might mean loneliness or even ostracism for him in a society that is still ruled by the old definitions.

Often I feel such sadness for my boys. I think that to be a man is not an easy thing—regardless of what would appear to be his privileged position, particularly if he is middle-class and white. What men often get with this position of privilege is a lot of responsibility and little instruction on how to share that responsibility, how to say no to it, how to express fear of it, or how even to use it in an even-handed and unselfish way. Recently, in the physical therapy section of a children's hospital, I saw a boy of about six struggle as he attempted to meet the expectations set out for him. He was working to straighten out his crooked body; the simple task of standing straight was obviously very painful to him. Even though he was trying not to cry or even complain, the tears began streaming down his face. As they flowed, his mother repeated, "Be a man. Be my little man."

Although I am convinced that we mothers of sons are not responsible for who our boys are nor for the men they become, we obviously have great

opportunities to influence the process of their growth and their ability to deal with the position in which they find themselves. I have worried about what I am doing with my own sons. Am I giving them the right messages, providing the proper role models? Is my teaching, teaching, always teaching of benefit to them? I have no girls, but I assume that I would be worrying about the job that I was doing there as well. Maybe I would even worry more because I know so well the wrongs done to females. I find comfort in reminding myself that my boys' father—an enlightened, gentle man whose eyes never glazed over when women wanted to talk about feelings—was neglected by both his mother and father. He, however, did remarkably well figuring out what kind of a man he wanted to be. I hope that my sons will follow his lead as well as listen to my voice.

These are just a few of the issues about raising sons of concern to me; fortunately the authors of the articles included here have touched on most of them. It was interesting how often similar concerns were raised. The voices that you hear in the following articles often speak in unison as they grapple with such issues as boys and violence; boys and the priesthood; boys and issues of intimacy; boys without fathers; boys as our brothers, our husbands, our fathers.

As these issues were dealt with, however, others began to emerge. One answer seemed to suggest another question. We are, therefore, planning a follow-up issue on "Raising Sons" [Volume XV, Number 2; deadline, December 1, 1988] that will include responses by fathers of sons; mothers of sons as mothers-in-law; a closer look at the Young Men's program, including the Scouting program; as well as your thoughts and reactions to any of these topics.

In the meantime, as the discussion continues, it seems that what we are all hoping for and working toward is raising better human beings, Christian human beings, not better men or better women. And as one of my boys might say, "That's awesome!" □



INTIMACY

When I think about issues surrounding the raising of our sons, it is difficult to do so without thinking of the story Shirley Paxman from Provo, Utah, once told about her grandson. As I recall her story, this boy's mother disliked the job of ironing and her husband was very willing to iron his own shirts. As unusual as this may be in some households, this family adopted such a division of labor as "normal" for them. A testimony to the fact that families can redefine gender normalcy came when this grandson, anticipating Christmas, asked if Santa could bring him an ironing board, "just like Dad's!"

When such emotions as jealousy, abandonment, uselessness, inferiority, or dependency, challenge the well-being of a man, his true response may be masked by more acceptable male emotions such as anger or apathy.

I suppose David O. McKay was right. The most important (and powerful?) work that we can do will be within our own homes. If one family can introduce gender role flexibility in the wake of an entire culture that has learned something else, we have great cause to hope!

An area that I believe needs more attention, however, is in the area of interpersonal intimacy. While much of feminist literature addresses the issues of power in relationships, far less time is spent examining issues of sex-role socialization with respect to over and under-responsibility in relationships, and even less is spent addressing changes in parenting that could help to guide our children toward more balanced expectations for themselves and for the opposite sex.

One of the best sources of information on this subject comes from literature on alcoholism and the family.¹ Authors of such materials suggest that both women and men are taught to be under-responsible for their emotional needs but in different ways:

Women are taught to overfunction for others and, thus, to underfunction in their own self-interest; men are taught that someone else is to be responsible for them and, thus, they too underfunction for self. However, they also learn to be overly responsible for the well-being of their spouses in the "instrumental" dimension. They feel constantly called upon to "make a woman happy" and their assumption is that this means to provide material goods.²

The implications of such a pattern for men would suggest that families spend more time encouraging and modeling non-material, non-competitive sources of satisfaction for their sons to learn from. "I'm glad that you enjoy learning," as opposed to "I'm proud of you," would be an example of a non-competitive message that we could send our sons. The crucial difference is the focus upon internal process instead of external approval or others' perceptions of their performance.³

ND IRONING BOARDS

Suzanne Hanna
Madison, Wisconsin

In addition to helping our sons feel less driven toward material performance, it is also important to help them feel more responsible for addressing their own insecurities in a comfortable, non-abusive way. Too many men feel ashamed of their feelings of inadequacy. Because this is an inherent part of being mortal and human, we could say that they are unable to accept their humanness.

Due to their discomfort with self, patterns develop in relationships where such men expect the women in their lives to support or nurture their vulnerable emotions without ever having to admit to having them. When such emotions as jealousy, abandonment, uselessness, inferiority, or dependency challenge the well-being of a man, his true response may be masked by more acceptable male emotions such as anger or apathy. These reactions either invite others to provide relief or all men merely to hide the feeling that feels shameful.

With our sons, it may be helpful to respond to their displays of anger or apathy as though they were actually expressions of fear, sadness, or embarrassment. The most helpful message we could send them is, "I'm glad you can express your fears. When you do that, it gives me important information about you and helps me to know you better. Now, what would help you become more comfortable (and constructive) with your fears? You know, many boys have trouble being patient with their fears..." As we help them recognize these hidden parts of themselves, we can also openly describe the process that they are learning to engage in and reward them for participating in it.

This process might be described as one that helps young men 1) to feel comfortable with their inadequacies and recognize them as part of being human and 2) to understand that honest self-examination and self-expression is a personal strength in life's learning process. They need to see women as a collaborative "cheering section" for the emotional

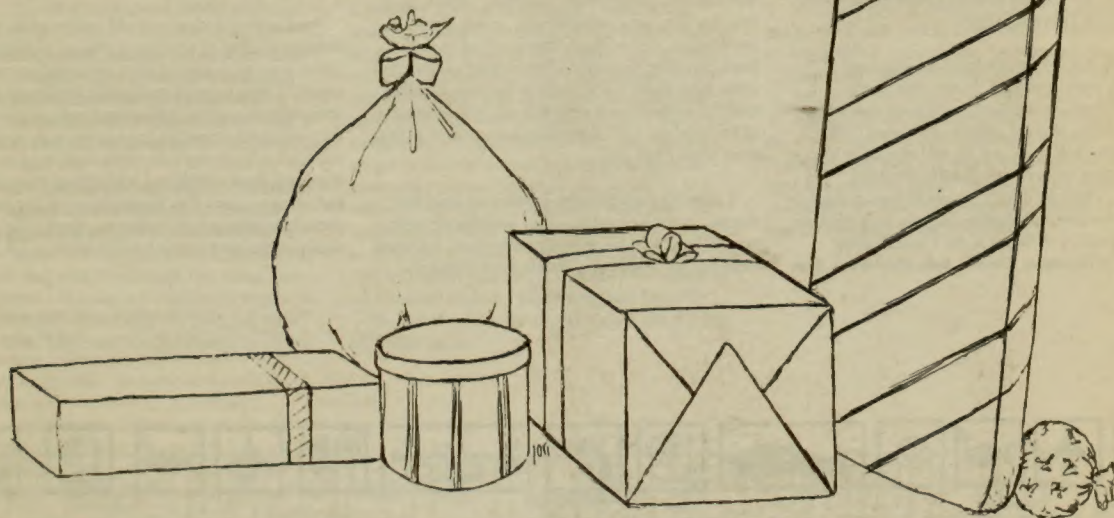
growth of men, not the players who will always be "catching the ball," and then they can begin to feel a true sense of self-mastery rather than other-mastery by meeting emotional challenges and finding constructive responses to them. Working through this process will help them see and accept their differences from prevalent male role models as a virtue, not a liability.

Conversely, when women also become satisfied with men as their "cheering section" rather than as the idealized "knights in shining armor," we will be well on our way to having more balanced emotional expectations between the sexes. Translated into the realm of parenting, mothers may want to examine how many of their hopes for their sons are based on correcting or making up for what their own generation of men has neglected to deliver. The inherent danger in this is that often women have neglected to identify their own patterns of over-responsibility or hidden power maneuvers before imposing their own standards upon males. Without such self-examination, there is a danger that one unfair model will be traded for another.

Of course, such altered expectations will be unsettling to the traditional romanticized roles that women and men place upon each other in marriage. A cheering section does not carry with it the security or the solace of having a partner who provides the illusion of relief from stress. The former also does not have the same connotation of sharing struggles or "bearing one another's burdens." I would submit, however, that a cheering section will be a useful substitute until our society becomes more adept at establishing a balanced sense of responsibility for each other's well being. Further, I would suggest that a cheering section is the optimal spousal role because it provides support, empathy, and even company while not assuming so much responsibility for the other that the struggle is removed rather than resolved.

Ultimately, our task must be redefined as that of raising good husbands, rather than merely that of raising good men. We need only to look at the high incident of family violence and child abuse to understand that our old concept of maleness has not served our men or our families well. To help our sons define their emotional roles as part of a mutually supportive cheering section will unburden them from inhumane expectations and provide a more loving environment for both sexes to meet the challenges of life. Besides, armor always was much heavier and less useful than an ironing board. □

1. Bepko, Claudia with JoAnn Krestan. *The Responsibility Trap: A Blueprint for Treating the Alcoholic Family*. New York: The Free Press, 1985.
2. Ibid., p. 59.
3. For more information on this type of parenting, see Dinkmeyer, D. and McKay, G. *Raising a Responsible Child*, New York: Simon & Schuster, 1973, or Dinkmeyer, D. and McKay, G. *Systematic Training for Effective Parenting of Teens*. Circle Pines, Minnesota: American Guidance Service, 1983.



REFLECTIONS ON TWO SONS

Lisa Ray Turner
Ann Arbor, Michigan

I confess: I always fantasized about having daughters—redheaded baby girls, rosy-cheeked and delicate in their lacy, pink dresses. I assumed that my girls would be dainty little things. After all, what did I know of Little League and Boy Scouts? I didn't even like football! Besides, girl baby clothes were cuter than boy baby clothes.

Along with other fantasies about children (like the idea that my children would always be clean and well-mannered in church), my fantasy about girls didn't quite pan out—so far my flesh-and-blood children have turned out to be boys. And they're not even redheads—a blond three-year-old and a dark-haired ten-month-old.

Although I thought that I would be disappointed if I had boys, I can say without equivocation that I was thrilled both times the doctor said, "It's a boy!" Of course, after the rigors of labor and delivery, I just wanted any baby, as long as it was outside my body. I found out that a healthy baby of any sex is a great blessing not to be taken for granted.

Later, after beginning the challenging job of raising my first son, I realized that many of my notions about girls and boys were simply sexist ideas, as outdated as the dinosaur. I have realized that boy baby clothes are just as much fun as miniature dresses, and now I can pass the racks of lavender dresses without a wince.

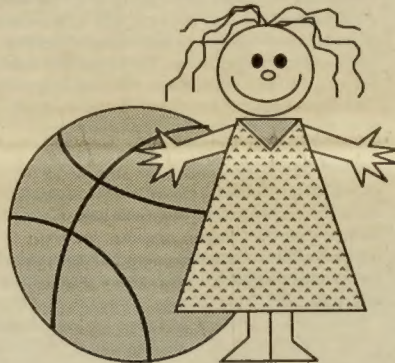
I am delighted with my sons and have become a champion of mothers and sons, becoming irritated when an expectant mother prattles on about how much she wants a little girl. I pompously advise prospective parents that they shouldn't have a child unless they will be equally satisfied with a baby of either sex. What has happened to me?! With such a change of heart, I have examined my attitudes and tried to figure out why I initially had such a bias toward daughters. Part of the explanation comes from my naiveté about the intensity of maternal love. I had heard so many times that I'd love my baby regardless of the sex that I'd dismissed it as a cliché.

The other most obvious way in which my ideas had been shaped is the lack of validation given to the mother-son relationship. Mothers of sons are often left groping because they do not have an established path to follow. Fathers know what to do with their sons; there are societal norms established for them. Mothers don't have it so easy.

The mother-son relationship is unique and obviously very important. Notice how many televised sports events have at least one shot of an athlete smiling into the camera and saying, "Hi, Mom!" Myriads of stories are told of men in wars or within prison walls revering and loving their mothers. There are also examples in the scriptures of the enormous impact mothers have on their sons, the most impressive of which is the 2,000 stripling warriors in Helaman. Clearly, sons often adore their mothers.

Despite such adoration, mother-son relationships have been the victims of bad press. We hear of sons falling in love with their mothers, creating sexual confusion. Oedipus did us no favors! Horror stories abound of over-protective, domineering mothers and the psychological wounds that they inflict on their sons. We look with pity on the twenty-eight-year-old still living with his mother and talk about his inability to cut the umbilical cord, wondering if his excessive devotion is caused by character defects in his mother.

Although close mother-daughter ties are regarded not only as healthy and normal, but highly desirable, these relationships are also seen as conflicted. On the other hand, father-son interactions are viewed as close and affectionate and critical to the son's development. Father-daughter bonds are regarded as warm, protective, and sweet. A girl's problems are not often blamed on her father. Even the phrase "daddy's girl" has a positive connotation, while "mama's boy" is an insult. Paternal relationships somehow do not evoke such friction, whether real or imagined. Perhaps maternal bonds are too strong to be taken at face value. All human relationships have their share of conflicts, but those between mothers and sons seem to be particularly suspect.



I wonder if women are afraid of their sons. Girls are familiar. We all know something about the experience of growing up female (although perhaps daughters would disagree); we are intimately familiar with the rites of passage from girlhood to womanhood. Some of them, such as buying a bra for the first time, are distinctly feminine. Others, such as a first date, are genderless and pertain simply to growing up. The passage from boyhood to manhood, however, is certainly not as comfortable. As I try to write about the milestones for boys, I realize that I'm not even sure what they are. Many aspects of boyhood are just as mysterious to me now as they were when I was ten.

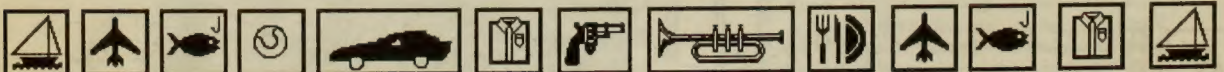
I hope the gaps between growing up male and female are not as gaping as they were twenty years ago. When I was learning domestic skills, the boys were playing basketball. Sports were considered

masculine, and music was definitely feminine. These distinctions, if not gone, are at least not as blatant. I smile as the little boy "nurses" his baby doll, and I think a lot about the nature vs. nurture debates. But I'm still uneasy about the fact that mothers and their sons do not have a common experience on which to reflect and share.

Within the realm of Mormonism, the mother-son kinship takes on an additional problematic dimension. I fear that I will be left out of important parts of my sons' religious lives because of their father's priesthood responsibilities. Their father blessed them when they were babies. Eight years later, he will baptize and confirm them; four years later, he will ordain them into the priesthood. Subsequent ordinations will be performed by dad as will blessings of health, and their father will guide them through the temple. My sons and their father will automatically be bound together by the rituals of the priesthood; this is a great tie. I am not saying I want the priesthood (that would be another article) or that I don't want my sons and husband to have this blessing, but I am saying that mothers must make their own place in their sons' spiritual lives, and I'm not sure how to do that. A boy's mother does much of the religious teaching, but the father and son will share his spiritual life, a life in which the mother will always be an outsider. I have already felt this when my sons were blessed. I had given birth to them and nursed them, but their father was the one to proudly walk to the front of the church, bless them, and show them off to the congregation.

I wish that there were more organized activities for mothers and sons. There are daddy-daughter dates, father-and-son outings and the full gamut of mother-daughter activities, but virtually no events for mothers and sons. Such functions are important not only because they help the parent and child establish a closer rapport but because they also give external structure and substantiation to the relationship. These gatherings are a way for the culture to give permission for mothers to come down off the pedestal and relate one-on-one. In my experience (and I include growing up in a family with two brothers), I have yet to see events specifically for mothers and their sons. Mothers attend many events with their sons—concerts, ball games, banquets, and so forth—but usually in the capacity of the supportive mother and usually accompanied by the father.

I am new at motherhood and cannot speak with the sage wisdom of a mother with grown children. Three years of mothering does not qualify me as an expert. I hope to instill in my sons healthy attitudes about women and provide a foundation on which they will build rewarding friendships with women. I will learn a lot through the years about boys and men, and about myself and my feelings about men and women. Since I've learned to get as excited about boy's rompers as I once was about frilly dresses, who knows what I will learn next. □



ON RAISING SONS: A SINGLE PARENT'S PERSPECTIVE

Heather Cannon
Northfield, Illinois

I entered single parenthood under protest. It was not how I wanted to lead my life, not how I wanted to raise my children, not something I felt capable of handling. I especially did not feel competent to raise two sons alone. I was less worried about my daughter because I'd been raised in a family of daughters.

These last nine years have been every bit as hard as I imagined, even worse in many ways; however, I have somewhat reluctantly come to realize that the difficulties of a single-parent family represent opportunities for growth that can result in stronger and happier children than those from many "complete" families.

My fears regarding single parenting fell in three general areas. The first was the lack of parental back-up. How could one parent be both the bread earner and the bread server? Also, how would I be able to discipline my children without someone to back me up? The second group of fears related to the lack of an in-home male role model. How would my boys learn to be good husbands and fathers? How would they learn to be successful in careers? How would they learn how to shave? Finally, I worried about my sons lacking a father's companionship and support. Would they have anyone to take them on church father-son outings? Who would coach them in sports and watch their games?

As I tried to be both bread earner and bread server, role overload was a challenge, but I found that problems were self-imposed. At first, I was reluctant to compromise my household standards, partly due to a fear that people would assume my poor housekeeping had caused the failure of my marriage. When I realized that my house pride was resulting in constant carping that then became my most prevalent form of communication with my sons, I knew it was time to change. We made some rearrangements that kept the worst messes out of my sight until the boys grew old enough to take more responsibility for housework.

As we struggled to meet the challenges of my returning to school part-time, then full-time, and eventually working outside our home full-time in a challenging career requiring a ten-hour day and some travel, my sons were forced to cooperate in order to survive. They have taken over full responsibility for their laundry and ironing. Often one of the boys will end up making dinner, and they are responsible for dishes every night. When my father was recently widowed, they were able to reassure him that learning to do laundry and to prepare meals wasn't all that hard; they'd been doing it since Junior High.

My fears regarding parental back-up in terms of discipline turned out to be unfounded. Perhaps because my two older children are iron rodders by nature (or maybe in an attempt to prove that they're as good as other kids even though they come from a broken home), I find that my children try to prod me to higher standards rather than my prodding them. Certainly the Church has been invaluable in setting

very visible, tangible standards. As a result, my role is often to try to help my children see the purposes behind the standards and rules so that they understand the spirit of the laws.

The Church has also provided role models for my sons. This has been particularly important during the last five and a half years because their father now lives 2,000 miles away. A multitude of youth leaders have offered better fathering and behavioral models than their own father. I still worry somewhat about a lack of models of how to be good husbands because they don't see many couples together; however, I would never have wanted them to model their marriages after mine anyway, so at least they aren't living with a negative model.

Since I have entered the work force, I have been able to provide a career model. My career has not been a fast track to the top, and I have shared my failures and many frustrations with my sons, perhaps even more than I should have. I have persevered, however, and recently have been able to achieve some success. I hope that by sharing what I've encountered my sons will be better prepared than I was for a career. Maybe they will be less overwhelmed by failures after seeing me overcome mine. Certainly my example as I work on balancing my personal and professional hours and meeting the challenges of setting priorities will serve as a role model for them.

There are still some areas in which I'm at a real loss. I panicked when it was time for my older son to start shaving. Who would teach him? I called my home teacher only to find out that boys don't need to be taught how to shave; they just need to be given a razor and shaving cream. I have been blessed with a very precocious younger son who feels very comfortable asking friends or older males about the "ins and outs" of athletic supporters and athletic equipment, so I rely on him to figure those things out on his own and to share his insights with his more reserved older brother.

My final area of concern as a single parent was the lack of a father's companionship and support. My father was the one who taught us how to play tennis and golf and to garden. Many of my happiest childhood memories are of times spent walking with my father. He took us skiing and water skiing, spending nearly every Saturday and Sunday with his family. Much to my disappointment, my children's father did not have as strong a commitment to his children. In fact, after he moved out of the house, he spent more time with the children than he had when living with us. The time spent with him, however, meant no time for friends, especially because his times of arrival and departure were erratic at best. When we moved, the children felt some relief at finally being able to spend weekends with friends or in organized activities. During the few weeks a year that they spend with their father, they have more of his attention than they had during their Saturday visits, and they have developed a close relationship with their father.

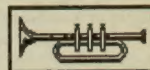
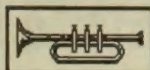
I have found that I am the one playing the role my father did as primary spectator and activity facilitator. I'm not skilled enough to coach or teach athletic skills, but I have supported their interests as best I can, and I have benefitted from doing so. I would not have been happy to stay home as my mother did to make sure that dinner was ready when the family returned from weekend activities. Going bike-riding or skiing with my children has allowed me to relive some of the happy times that I enjoyed with my father. I have also enjoyed the company of other parents while watching my children perform. Father-son outings have been a problem, and sometimes I wish that my sons had a father to watch them perform. I don't know how much this bothers them, but that is something we cannot change.

Although these years as a single parent have been rough and I certainly would not recommend choosing this lifestyle, my children have grown into wonderful, strong individuals. They have developed more according to their needs and natures than according to any parental precepts or ambitions. This is due both to my response to an over-managed childhood and to the contingencies of single parenthood that have prevented my becoming over-involved in my children's lives.

Still, I have tried to emphasize certain values. One of these is the importance of families and the need for fathers as well as mothers. I keep insisting to my sons that fatherhood is the corollary to motherhood and that it is also a divine commission. I'm not so concerned about what they do with that role—whether they change diapers, cook meals, or coach a basketball team. I am concerned that they commit themselves to their children and spend time with them.

My sons are now fourteen and seventeen. The older one is about to leave home and the younger one's school activities leave him little time at home. I am no longer so overwhelmed by the daily nurturing requirements. I now have time to start meeting more of my needs. How I spend this time can have as much impact as the time that I previously spent in caring for their physical needs. My primary influence from now on will be my example.

The challenges of setting priorities; of balancing home, work, and church; of growth; of commitment or responsibility exist equally for sons and daughters. The nature of the specific choices may vary by sex or by life phase, but the challenges are similar. I hope by recognizing and discussing these challenges with my sons, I may help them prepare to face the challenges that they will face with fewer fears than I have had and with greater confidence that these challenges do indeed represent opportunities to grow beyond their current expectations. □



MY THREE

Susan Sessions Rugh
Chicago, Illinois

I grew up in a family of girls. My parents were blessed with four girls in rapid succession, then three boys who arrived in more leisurely fashion to complete the family. As the big kids, we girls ran the show. We progressed from sharing Ginny dolls and Kate Greenaway dresses to battling over turns in the bathroom, trading miniskirts, and sharing the hot rollers. My poor father had to tiptoe through five cycles of PMS every month, while my mother kept a deep supply of cake mixes ready for us to whip up for school bake sales. At one point, when we were all in high school, my parents threatened to issue YMCA passes to the constant stream of male visitors that were interested in us, our stereo, and our brownies. As we headed for college, we traded boyfriends and swore that when we went away to school we would not room with our sisters.

Thus, when I was expecting our first child, whom I wanted to be a girl, I felt reasonably well-equipped to inculcate in my future daughter both feminine virtues and newly acquired feminist viewpoints. To my surprise, it was a boy. So was the next baby, and the one that followed. Thus, I find myself in the distinctly unfamiliar position of raising boys. I live

in a household of men. I am the only girl, as my youngest reminds me.

So what does this mean, being the "only girl"? How does one who grew up never having seen a jock strap until marriage, one who was atrocious at sports and would rather be reading than doing anything athletic, one whose familiarity with cars extended to reading the gas gauge, raise boys? Because by now I have become comfortable with the maleness of our children, it is worth reflecting on how this has become possible.

The first secret of our success is my husband. While the children were preschoolers, he was home much of the time to provide a male role model for them. Which brings me to the second principle of success—In this day and age, being male includes much more than it did when I was growing up in the 1950s and 1960s. As male role model, my husband cooked dinner, waxed the floors, and bathed babies as well as washed the car, fixed the bikes, and brought home half the bacon. Not that he caught that competitive bug that so many "liberated husbands" are infected with when they want to show that they

can do "domesticity" as well as their wives. Rather, we decided in a "go-with-the-flow" fashion whose energies were best spent where and when. My hope is that as our sons grow up they will be able to distinguish masculinity from cultural prescriptions.

Raising boys has meant that I have had to become more athletically inclined, unquestionably a positive development. Because the extent of my physical coordination is 90 wpm at the typewriter, I have found jogging to be a rewarding sport. With a decent pair of shoes and the presence of mind to put one foot in front of the other and breathe properly, I can put in about three miles a day. This much physical fitness enables me to keep up with a kindergartner riding his bike, although the speed of the older boys on their two-wheelers requires the stamina of my husband, a marathoner. My running enables us to have a family activity that we all enjoy, and our goal is to teach me how to ride a bike well enough to make family bike trips on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Spiritually, raising boys has left some unanswered questions. This last summer my oldest

CONFESSIONS OF A

"Woman, prepare to die!" Four-and-a-half-year-old Peter, with a rapier made of plastic pipe, lunges into his sister's room. He is dressed in a forest green Robin Hood tunic and a silk polka-dot robe. Cowboy boots are on his feet, and a plastic alligator is wedged, dagger-like, in his belt. Britta, seven-and-a-half, looks at him with an unamused glare and continues her knitting. Pete retreats, parrying at her stuffed animals, and gallops into the hall where he swoops his arm around eighteen-month-old Chase and plants a juicy smooch.

Before Peter turned two, he enjoyed the domestic activity of stirring beads in a Tupperware bowl with chopsticks. Then, almost as soon as the birthday cake was wiped off his face, the beads had become stunning, head-thwacking weapons. The chopsticks joined the toothbrush, the carrot, the kazoo, the rolled up tortilla, and (of course) the finger... Voila! An arsenal!

What's a pacifist mother to do? I don't want war toys or military paraphernalia in my house—especially not guns, not even squirt guns. If Pete wants to squirt, he can use a plant mister.

I will admit to some evolution on this topic. At first, I told Pete that he was not to make pretend guns. I encouraged him to think of long, pointed things as fire hoses helping to put out fires, saving people, being brave in the face of danger, and so forth.

This didn't work for long. When Peter kept turning everything from the asparagus to the zucchini into a gun, I decided that he was going to make pretend guns whether I wanted him to or not. So, we made the rule that if he *had* to pretend he had a gun, he could not aim or shoot it at people. This met with improved, but not perfect, results. Although I had compromised enough to let him pretend, I was

unwilling to supply him with facsimile arms. A few months ago, Pete pleaded so desperately for a gun that my husband Chris and I struck an arrangement with him. Chris, who doesn't share my anti-arms policy, agreed to take Pete to Toys R Us. There they would buy Chris a toy gun that Peter could use out of sight and sound of Mom and only when Dad was home. I was pleased that Chris was unwilling to buy a Rambo-type blaster and chose instead a wooden-butt rifle. "This is what the cowboys would use for hunting," he told Pete. That seemed appealing enough, though it lacked the sex appeal of a real blood-and-guts plastic pistol. That's as good as it'll get around here.

There are a number of inconsistencies in my philosophy about toys for Pete. If I have to concede to my son's interest in sticking-it-to-the-bad-guys, I am much more comfortable with ancient rather than modern weaponry. I encourage Pete's interest in Robin Hood and the knights of yore, overlooking that his little knights come with maces, scimitars, spears, and lances.

In a Christian bookstore, I recently saw the "Whole Armor of God" handsomely boxed with scriptural references to Ephesians 6 embossed on the plastic. I considered it until I saw the price. That softened me enough to buy him a cheaper, uncanonized version.

Another inconsistency is my willingness to live by the "When in Rome..." philosophy. One of the reason's why it's fun for us to go to my sister's house is that her kids have every zapper in the book. I can let Pete have the kind of fun that he wants without the guilt. I remember a sobering exchange Pete and I had last fall. He had just concocted another incredible costume—pink oriental robe, clown wig, black mustache, grass skirt, and a stuffed lion strapped to his back. I hugged him and said,

"Pete, you have a wonderful imagination!" Pete quietly said, "No, I don't. You don't like the things I imagine." What could I say? No, I don't like the killing, the ripping off of limbs, the savagery and aggression of much of his pretending. A friend calls it "testosterone poisoning."

But is it bad? Vivian Gussin Paley, a kindergarten teacher at the University of Chicago, says in her book *Boys and Girls: Superheroes in the Doll Corner*,

Good guy or bad guy, the aggressive tumble-and-wrestle of little boys is criticized by teachers from the first day of school. How can ideas that seem so good (to the boys) be considered bad so often?

Perhaps *good* means "bad" when fantasies are involved. It is good to think about powerful creatures and exciting to rehearse their pursuits. However, most adaptations in the classroom are quickly curtailed. A teacher may not use the word *bad*, but the message is clear: Girls' fantasies are more acceptable. When girls run and scream, the absence of ambush and crossfire soothes the teacher's ruffled senses. The children see girls as good and find it difficult to characterize boys. (p. 26, University of Chicago Press, 1984)

Like the children in Mrs. Paley's classroom, I have trouble characterizing Pete's aggression. After his telling comment, I try harder to suspend any judgments about his play. Pete knows my non-violent stance. I know his: "The more the gore the merrier." There are obviously things happening in his development with which I can't identify but that are very important to him.

I see progress in our dealings on this matter. My concessions to his interest haven't violated my conscience and seem to please him. For Christmas

SONS

received the priesthood, and now I am proud to see him pass the sacrament. In addition to buying him a white shirt and new tie, I pondered my role. A family dinner table conversation of a few years ago—when one of the boys asked why women couldn't give blessings to the sick—pestered my memory. My retort was that men weren't allowed to take casseroles to new mothers. Of course, that wasn't the right answer, but I am not sure that I have the answer. I decided, however, that my not having the answer shouldn't allow me to rain on his parade, and I have tried to keep my feelings somewhat separate while I sort them out over the long term.

I was able to talk with him about my largest concern—that he never feel that males are better than females because they have the priesthood. Fortunately, my husband sees the priesthood as a way to serve, and ultimately I think that it is his example—the way he serves and the way he treats me—that will be decisive in my son's perceptions of his role in the Church.

Intellectually, male/femaleness is less of a problem. I don't think that my sons have ever felt

that they were smarter than girls; in fact, they have often felt the reverse. They have seen both me and my husband slogging through graduate school, and I feel comfortable that they know that intellect is gender-blind. I chuckle when I hear them refer to me as the "genius mother," their way of coping with my long hours at the library. (Something like, with all the hours she spends studying, she must be getting smarter!)

Now, my position inspires pity from many people. "Oh, you don't have a girl." Weekly I am asked by friends, acquaintances, even strangers, "Aren't you going to try for a girl?" The supposition is that life must be really unbearable without what we in our society regard as a little bundle of sweetness and light. They probably don't realize how much care my sons take with their coordinated sweatshirt/pant outfits, their loving choice of fashionable hi-top sneakers, and their morning ablutions with hair gel to get the desirable spike effect just right. I like to think that I have had something to do with their fashion sense.

Maybe they can't imagine how cuddly a five-year-old son is at bedtime reading hour, snuggled up

with mom and dad, pillows, and favorite blanket. His stuffed animal collection rivals that of any girl I have seen, although I admit he has nothing in pink and purple plush.

Or perhaps it hasn't dawned on them that the Ghostbusters headquarters that my sons crafted out of cardboard and contact paper is nothing more than a doll house, with doll action figures that cooperate to conquer ghosts together. And I credit domesticity with my son's addition of a Ghostbusters' kitchen, missing in the store-bought version of headquarters. I have decided that what society might label as my boys' "team spirit" can also be viewed as a nurturing, caring instinct that knows no gender boundaries.

If I ever get really girl hungry, there are always plenty of babies to borrow or friends' daughters to take out to lunch. If I am smitten with a particular hair ribbon or frilly pair of socks, I know a lot of little girls who would appreciate the gift. And if I worry about how to raise girls in this post-liberation age, I can track the progress of my nieces whom I admire. Sure, it's not just like having your own, and I'm not getting a chance to raise my own feminists. But, hey, I'm raising husbands for yours! □

TERRORIST'S MOM

Linda Hoffman Kimball
Chicago, Illinois



last year, I was going over the goods that I'd chosen for the kids and felt that Pete needed something that he would think was really exciting. I knew this was going to be a tough assignment. There are a lot of toys geared to the interests of five-year-old boys, but not many for this conservative mother. I saw bombers and space attackers and fighters and one whose name really cracked me up, "The Celestial Avenger!" I finally swallowed hard and bought a radar-bellied good guy action figure and a "Dragon Walker" that moves "in a terrifying sidwinding motion in pursuit of evil."

He was delighted with the present and asked, "Who gave me this?" When I told him that I had, he looked puzzled. "I knew you would like it, and it wasn't so violent that it bothered me so I wanted to get it for you," I explained awkwardly. He seemed touched that I had found a way to participate in the fantasies that are so much a part of his life.

As for Pete's development, here is his latest nursery school dictation:

Once there was a castle. There was a king who lived in it. And there was a moat. And in that moat there was a pirate ship. There were guards at the castle and the king had some men who rided on horses. There was a big monster in the moat. Instead of fighting they said, "Why don't you become a good guy instead of a bad guy so that we could have peace here?"

I don't know quite what to make of this male I'm raising. He is fierce, affectionate, strong, kind, rough, spiritual. Although his unfolding brings out bafflement and band-aids, I am totally infatuated with him, my tender terrorist. □

A VIEW OF WOMEN FROM THE YOUNG MEN'S PRIESTHOOD MANUALS

Terry Evanson
Madison, Wisconsin

Reading the Aaronic priesthood manuals is an enlightening experience. The topics covered are those to be expected—gospel-centered subjects such as faith, charity, service, and missionary preparation; topics on preparation for the future such as work, education, and career choices; and interpersonal relationships, including respecting our parents, womanhood, and family relationships.

I want, however, to explore the view of women that the Aaronic priesthood manuals present to young men of the Church. I have consulted the priests', teachers', and deacons' manuals written in 1983 and 1984 and the teachers' manual produced in 1973. We will assume that individual teachers and teaching methods will have an effect on what is actually taught in the classroom.

In general, the Aaronic priesthood manuals have little to say about females. Each manual has three to five stories (out of many stories presented in the thirty-five lessons) in which a woman or girl is involved as a character. I found only two quotations attributable to a female Church member (one was from a *New Era* article on media influences and the other was from Sister Emma McKay on supporting family members). Women are discussed in the manuals only in lessons on motherhood, womanhood, and eternal families. Except for the two instances listed above, women were never quoted in any lesson. This is interesting because one might expect that women in the Church would have said or written something noteworthy on at least the topics of motherhood and womanhood.

The roles of females in these manuals consist of wife/mother/sister/girlfriend. With the exception of school teachers, the females that teenage boys most often associate with probably fall into one of these categories. Certainly it makes sense that in the Church, where we are taught that the most important thing we can achieve in eternity is to be part of an eternal family, the emphasis in lessons would be on families and the roles assumed within the family; however, there is absolutely no discussion of or example of women fulfilling any other role, such as leadership positions (not even as auxiliary presidents), co-workers, co-eds, and so forth. A teachers' lesson entitled "Understanding the Woman's Role" notes that "there are many jobs on earth that both men and women can do well in education, industry, business, government, and other career fields." This was the only hint I found that women might do something outside the wife/mother/sister/girlfriend framework.

The view of women's roles that is presented is traditional. Wives sustain husbands and bear and raise children, mothers take care of the house and love their sons, sisters help younger brothers, and all girlfriends have the potential of being future wives. Boys are to respect and cherish them all.

The priests are told that the qualities they are to look for in girls (read future wives) include: unselfishness, initiative, ability to be considerate, patience, a testimony of the gospel, a healthy outlook on life, and a similar economic, educational, and cultural background. Qualities such as intellectualism, athleticism, leadership, and so forth aren't mentioned. The list of characteristics to be expected of women in the 1983 manuals improved considerably over the 1973 rendition, however. The character-

istics of womanhood in 1973 included "chastity, a loving spirit, a desire to be protected, femininity, friendliness, and beauty."

In a lesson entitled "The Patriarchal Order," the priests are instructed as to the proper relationship of husband and wife in the home. The priests are taught that the man is designated the head of the home because he holds the priesthood and as such his main role is to provide leadership for the family. The main role of the wife is to train, teach, and rear children. Both roles are complementary and important. Order is maintained in the home through this arrangement of righteous submission and righteous leadership.

This relationship is illustrated as we've all seen it before: in a hierarchy with the wife at the bottom

need to be allowed in the classroom to discuss issues of womanhood and marriage. (In fact, one lesson does suggest five-minute talks by women on being a mother, a wife, and a daughter of God.) The manuals would benefit from including at least a few more stories of women exemplifying faith, missionary zeal, service, work, or almost any other topic the manuals teach about.

Additional thought needs to be given to the wife/mother/sister/girlfriend stereotypes. The actual roles of men and women are rarely more than superficially explored. The possibility of role reversal (a nurturing man, a career woman) is never considered. In fact, the clear message is that we should value and appreciate one another, but the roles and duties have been defined by God and must be carried forth. Obviously, men will always continue to be fathers



and an arrow (righteous submission) pointing up to her husband who righteously submits (another arrow) to Jesus Christ. After this, the priests are told that men aren't superior to women and, indeed, that husbands and wives are equal partners.

Almost everyone in the Church has a working understanding of an organizational presidency. We have a first presidency, stake presidencies and bishoprics. Certainly "family presidencies" consisting of husband and wife working together jointly to make decisions, resolve differences, and lead their family could work well within this context without threatening the patriarchal order of the home. The manuals should put more emphasis on the equality of the marriage partnership and contain a discussion of human interactions and decision making in general.

It appears that the 1983 and 1984 editions of the Aaronic priesthood manuals are more sophisticated in their approach to women than previous versions; however, more could be done. More women's voices need to be heard in the manuals. Women

and women mothers, but we rarely address (in these manuals or elsewhere) what is essential about those roles in carrying on the work of the kingdom and what is tradition and therefore open to change.

What is the effect of these stereotyped views on young men? What attitudes are they forming toward women who never become wives or mothers? Many young men will be marrying young women whose attitudes are quite different from those presented in the manuals. As young men move into careers, they will be dealing with women as co-workers, supervisors and competitors. Can young men be better prepared for these situations? What part should Church programs play in broadening young men's views of women's roles?

Much has changed in the Aaronic priesthood lessons since 1973. I believe that future Aaronic priesthood manuals will continue to reflect changes in attitude and approach to women's roles. For now, the shortcomings of the manuals will have to be dealt with by parents and instructors. □

CONFESSIONS OF A FEMINIST'S CHILD

Karl Thatcher Ulrich
Cambridge, Massachusetts

This article first appeared in Exponent II, Vol. 6, No. 4., 1980.

Last night, as I readily accepted the chance to take four-year-old Amy to Boston for the day, took chili from the freezer to thaw for the next day's supper, and looked at my room and thought, "I must rearrange and vacuum tomorrow," the realization that has been growing in me the last ten years became fact—I want to be a homemaker. Some of you feminists may moan, "Another one of those destined to spend her life at the washing machine and behind a stove." Well, you're all wrong. I'm the SON of a feminist mother.

In analyzing exactly why I aspire to be a homemaker, I came up with two possibilities: I either want to be something my mother isn't, or I desire the comforts of independence and liberation from traditional male roles.

Maybe it started with the morning when the blender was screaming, the eggs were boiling over, and the toast was cold in the toaster while my mom sat five feet away at the kitchen table typing her last paper for her masters degree. I looked at what I thought my mother wanted out of life and said to

myself, "I'll do it myself," and grabbed the nearest box of Cheerios. Cheerios led to omelets.

Or it could have started when I found that my all-cotton shirts had been in the dryer for a week and that they were really not fit to wear. That started my monitoring the dryer so that I could save my clothes when the dryer stopped. Monitoring the dryer led to doing my own wash.

Or it may have started when I would ask to have my jeans sewn up and they would lie in the "needs to be fixed pile" until I had forgotten I ever owned them. This led to proficiency on the sewing machine.

Although these initial instances may have fostered my skills, they didn't lead to my desire to be a homemaker. While my mother may not place cooking, washing, and sewing highest on her list of priorities, she is a more than adequate domestic-type mother. The reason for my aspiration to be a homemaker is that I am very satisfied with the independence I gain through homemaking. I think everyone has these desires to be independent, yet the necessary stimulus to develop them may not have been part of his childhood.

My homemaking skills have been magnified since I left home two years ago. Because my summer roommate couldn't even peel a carrot, the shopping and cooking responsibilities were left to me. I went from steaks to quiche lorraine, enchiladas, and moo shi pork with mandarin pancakes. Now I won't even consider buying pre-processed food, and I take great pride in my soups and sauces. At my fraternity house, I was nominated house-mother and had the privilege of sewing up jeans for thirty-seven of my classmates.

My skills and tendencies toward homemaking have caused only minor problems. Friends give me funny looks when I tell them I can't play hockey any longer because I have to go home and make supper. My crew coach wondered who his crew captain was when I brought my three-year-old sister to practice one morning. And my best friend wondered if I were joking when he saw me restoring an old treadle sewing machine. But I don't think my homemaking has caused any major ill effects. I still aspire to have an MIT Sc.D. in Mechanical Engineering, I weight-lift and shotgun shoot to keep up the masculine image, and my mother tells me I'll make a good missionary companion. I just hope I don't have trouble finding a wife who is willing to work to support me. □

I AM MARRIED TO A FEMINIST'S SON

Nancy Bentley
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Several years before we were married, my husband Karl [Ulrich] wrote his "Confessions of a Feminist's Child," a public avowal of his homemaking skills. After close to two years of marriage, I can issue a report from the home front about life with a literal man of the house.

Like any new joint administration, we had an initial period of domestic policy formation. In these crucial two or three months, the stakes were high because everything we did set a precedent for our future housekeeping practices. Our policy on laundry began as a rule of easy-going reciprocity: Whoever needed to wash his or her clothes would do the other person's at the same time. This gentlemen's agreement didn't work, however—not because one of us wasn't a gentleman but because it led to a mutual stand-off, an unacknowledged endurance test about who could hold out longer without needing clean clothes. Karl was very good at "enduring to the end" and was willing to buy new shirts and socks if necessary. Emergency negotiations were held; the policy was changed. Now it's every gentleman for himself—along with any towels in the bathroom hamper.

With the cooking, there was no policy problem: He could (quite expertly), and I couldn't. For me one of the benefits of marriage has been learning to cook under Karl's tutelage. I've been able to report proudly to my mother (who fears my lack of domestic skill will negatively reflect on her childrearing) that I'm now up to two nights a week as cook. There seems to be no sign, however, that I'll go up to three in the near future, and I'm not sure whether that has more to do with Karl's love for cooking or his loathing of doing dishes, the counterpart job to cooking duty. While a single graduate student, I had grown accustomed to

dinners of Lipton soup and Tab. Now, thanks to the pre-marriage life history of a feminist's son, I enjoy five nights a week of superb dinners, from pasta to Chinese dishes to the weekly Third World meal—some combination of beans and rice.

Like all housekeepers, Karl has an internal threshold at which a dirty apartment must be cleaned. The only problem here is that his formula is an inversion of mine. Karl has a high tolerance for visible mess and a fairly low level of acceptance for the kind of dirt that you smell before you see. For me the combination of these classes of dirt is just the opposite: I'm not bothered much by the invisible stuff (I just keep my glasses off, a trick Karl says his mother practiced), but islands of crumpled clothes or papers floating on what should be a smooth sea of floorspace is unacceptable. We compromised and agreed to have a cleaning blitz at the point when the apartment is not yet a fire hazard but it is becoming dangerous to stand in the tub.

Karl has highly developed skills in all the traditional homemaking categories. But in the day-to-day practice of these arts, he ends up transforming those arts into something quite different than the style of most professional housewives. I call his version *machismo domesticity*. This phenomenon includes a fierce competition among his male MIT officemates (all of whom cook) for who has the most impressive leftovers at lunch. Cleaning the bathroom or kitchen is attacked as if it were an Olympic time trial; he literally uses a stopwatch. In our bimonthly grocery expeditions, Karl is spurred on by the challenge of breaking our personal best for volume of foodstuffs purchased in a single trip. And this domestic machismo comes through when we're asked to prepare a meal (that is, when I'm asked and Karl cooks) for a family in which the wife/mother is

sick: When a healthy, able-bodied husband answers the door to accept the meal, Karl's barely suppressed scorn is a new twist on male pride.

In Karl's "Confessions" column, he offered as evidence of his unimpaired masculinity his aspiration to earn a doctorate degree in mechanical engineering. (Unfortunately, the field continues to be male-dominated and can still serve today as a form of masculine credentials.) Karl has excelled in this field and will receive his Ph.D. this summer. But observing Karl's two worlds, the supposedly masculine realm of engineering and the traditionally feminine domain of homemaking, I can say that in his life they are not diametrically opposed spheres. Several of his engineering projects have been related to food production—he designed a clam-shucking machine, a peach-pitter, and a cookie-dough machine; among others—and his analysis of design problems in food processing are undertaken with a valuable competency in the kitchen that probably exists in few other engineers.

In turn, he attacks the home front as a rich field for further efficiency strategies and the pleasures (unknown to me) of constant calculation. Did you know that if you sew shopping bags from 25" X 35" pieces of canvas, they each will carry more than 2.5 times the volume of a brown paper supermarket bag and that with 4 canvas bags you can then transport the equivalent of over 10 brown bags or 2.3 weeks' worth of groceries in one trip? This calculation can be a little annoying for someone like me whose most sophisticated measurement is the number of record sides that it takes to wash the windows. But I'm not complaining. As we both graduate from doctoral programs and begin teaching this fall at universities, we will enter a new phase of our domestic management. I just hope that I don't lose a husband who is willing to do home-work to support me. □

SON-IN-LAW

Emma Lou Thayne
Salt Lake City, Utah

In spite of all the bad jokes about mothers-in-law (I never remember hearing one about either a father-in-law or a son-in-law), I could hardly wait to be one. Having been the only girl in a family of brothers, I figured raising boys would be simple—just feed them and turn them out to mowing the lawn so they could play football on it. That's how things had seemed as I grew up, so why not? Then I had five daughters. They were the girls I'd longed for as I played with my dolls and had best friends over for jacks and giggles when my brothers were playing tackle or putting on the boxing gloves.

Those five daughters were more than I ever could have dreamed of in my days of longing for a sister. And being what they are, thoroughly attuned to the outdoors as well as the in, they brought home marvels of sons and handed them to me all grown up, tiger days over with, each ready to get on with life.

Of course they came, one at a time, as those daughters had—and with much the same celebration. But looking back now, I realize that the closeness that began before they became part of our family has increased mightily as life has taken us through calamity as well as joy.

Our first son-in-law, Paul, had been my best student in a poetry class before he married Becky. He kidded and tendered both our daughter, who he was courting, and me through the hardest of times during my back surgery. Along the way, he wrote poems—simple and insightful—to link us, him and me, as confidantes as well as comrades in the urgencies of recovery. Just this year he took over the responsibility of Mel's real estate business to free up his father-in-law for the lovely stage of working only when he wants to. In good times and bad, Paul has kept us thinking and often laughing—and usually humble.

Just over a year ago, Jim, our second son-in-law, and I were on our way home alone early from

camping with our families. I was reading to him at the wheel, when a crowbar flipped up from the freeway, came through the windshield, and hit me in the face. Without panic, he drove me to emergency, helped stitch me and pin my eight fractures together, then softly ushered me through months of restoration—him with me in ways far deeper than the skill of his resident plastic surgeon intuitions.

Last spring, our third son, "P," hiked with me to the cabin one day after their baby son had died on the same day he was born—the birthday of his mother. He knew what mountains in the snow could do, what our being there could say of Sammy's being there too. He slowed his stride and took my arm coming down, his physical therapist training aware not only of my knee that needed scoping, but of pressure points askew and cures that only our companionship could right.

Our fourth son, Mike, speaker of French, waited while our daughter filled her mission to southern France, attuned to how to be there not only for her but for me. Both of us lonely for her blonde abilities and excitements, we did more talking than hitting balls when he invited me to where he taught others how to swing a racket. Young in the gospel of Things Work Out, he maintained a patient hope that kept us both afloat during her half-frustrated time in a mission that closed for want of converts. He laughed, we laughed, we cried, we survived.

Our fifth son, Ed, a graduate student in exercise physiology, comes to us as a wonder of rescue for our youngest girl whose divorce three years ago laid waste her love of poetry, zest for mountains and violin. Ed has managed to bring it all back, for me as well as for her. In his love of a day, he knows about silence, about the quiet that can save a life. Or the gentle firmness that can make a path. And about the spiritual that abides in nature as well as in church. With him, I learned about harnessing my wanting to help and letting a Higher Power be in charge.

I think, too, of projects we've been in on together: opening the cabin in spring or closing it in fall, turning on or off the water under the house, building a new cover for the tank over the spring, planting aspen to come up next year, digging a little streambed by the bonfire. As rightful matriarch now, I get kidded by them as I assume their permission to direct—and be in on—the chopping of wood and the repair of lights. They humor my long-learned oiling of the floors and raking of the grassy flat. When I visit in their homes we get to work together on flushing out a drain, mending an upholstered stool, hanging a picture, planting a rock garden, figuring out where to put a window, mostly with me astonished at their ability to do. We get to be confederates, our celebrations of completion like the end of a trek-exhaustion as much fun as accomplishment.

As part of a group, or individually, each son brings his own expertise and challenge. What a kick it's been to have blood battles with some, lessons from others on the tennis court, or to try to follow them down the ski hill, to cheer for them out on the lake, to sit up late by the fire at the cabin talking ideas, issues, plans or how tough this week's schedule or how exciting a paper or a sale or a case or the progress of a student. Or how to find new ways to deal with a child—or a motivated Thayne girl now theirs for the duration.

Most of all, to learn from them. One feeds me books on meditation, another exercises for a damaged shoulder. One has a leaner way to live, another a favorite author on archaeology and the divine, still another the latest spy novel or TV show I shouldn't miss.

None of those sons is without something unusual to invite me to—a walk by a river or on a beach in Oregon ruggedness. A look at slides of a burn restoration. Golf from a tee so high on a Carmel mountain the ball sails like a bird. Last Thanksgiving three of my boys taking me along to play best ball, them way out on the fairway, me safely down

PATCHWORK

Laurel Thatcher Ulrich
Durham, New Hampshire

I have been team-teaching this semester with a literary scholar who is also an accomplished quilter. Because we are both interested in domestic imagery in women's literature, we assigned students several chapters of *Aunt Jane of Kentucky* by Eliza Calvert Hall (1907), a collection of local color sketches based on the life of a Kentucky quilter. You've probably never heard of Aunt Jane, but if you are a quilter you may have encountered a famous passage from Hall's book in which she composes a sermon based on a patchwork quilt. At first reading it seemed a bit saccharine to me. The more I thought about it, the more intrigued I became. Aunt Jane insisted that the doctrines in a quilt were "a heap plainer'n they are in the catechism."

Many a time I've set and listened to Parson Page preachin' about predestination and free-will, and I've said to myself, "Well, I ain't never been through Centre College up at Danville, but if I could jest git up in the pulpit with one of my quilts, I could make it a heap plainer to folks than parson's makin' it with all his big words." You see, you start out with jest so much caliker;

you don't go to the store and pick it out and buy it, but the neighbors will give you a piece here and piece there, and you'll have a piece left every time you cut out a dress, and you take jest what happens to come. And that's like predestination. But when it comes to the cuttin' out, why, you're free to choose your own pattern. You can give the same kind o' pieces to two persons, and one'll make a 'nine-patch' and one'll make a 'wild-goose chase,' and there'll be two quilts made out o' the same kind o' pieces, and jest as different as they can be. And that is jest the way with livin'. The Lord sends us the pieces, but we can cut 'em out and put 'em together pretty much to suit ourselves, and there's a heap more in the cuttin' out and the sewin' than there is in the caliker.

When we discussed this passage in class, one student confessed to her own propensity for saving bits of old fabric. She had even been considering making a quilt out of the skirts of her worn-out flannel nightgowns. I laughed with her, recognizing a similar habit of mind in myself. For some unexplained reason I enjoy rescuing things nobody else wants.

At this moment I am sitting on a swivel chair discarded from a University of New Hampshire office, typing at a desk constructed from two damaged file cabinets bought cheap at a discount furniture store, facing an appliqued wall-hanging made by one of my seminary classes from donated scraps. I am wearing a faded pair of jeans handed-down by my oldest daughter and a bright cotton sweater given me (new) by my son. Our house has some impressive antiques, most of them salvaged from razed buildings or Boston trash heaps, but it also has more than its share of junk. My husband is three-fifths connoisseur and two-fifths pack rat. I am just as bad. There are two wastebaskets in my study. The one to my left is a weathered maple syrup bucket, the one to my right, a shiny black plastic container that once held joint-compound.

My intellectual life, like my house, has been built from "jest what happens to come." We moved to Durham, New Hampshire, in 1970 because of my husband's career, not mine. I began a Ph.D. in history a year or two later not because it fitted some long-term life plan but because it was handy and relatively cheap. (Gael's status as a faculty member gave me half-tuition.) I chose history, even though I

the middle. One shaking his head visiting me for the umpteenth time in the hospital.

With each one, the most connecting experience has been in the birthing of their babies. In labor and delivery different from anything else we had ever been in on together. In 10 out of the 11 times it's happened for our family, I've been invited in by that son-in-law—the only time missed when the hospital was wild with confusion. Unlike what happened when my generation had babies, there he was, standing over her, his wife, our daughter, in on the birth as much as she was. Together they had attended classes to find out how to make it all easier, this final coming. He knew how to help her breathe, relax, keep the pain minimal. His big hands soothed her stomach and forehead, held her hand as she concentrated.

At the foot of the delivery table the doctor directed, Push, Push. A nurse and an intern supplied sterile instruments and composure. The tension mounted. Then the top of the head appeared. It was real. All that movement of all those months was actually a person on the way. Three more giant pushes and the baby was here. For everyone in that delivery room a collective holding of breath in the greatest anticipation ever. Then, the cry, the sweet sweet cry of departure and arrival.

Until one of those babies didn't cry, none of us could ever have known just how sweet. But there that wanted baby was, wrapped in a blanket, handed to the father, taken to the mother, me supposedly taking pictures of it all, forgetting sometimes what I theoretically came for.

In that moment of the giving, each of those sons-in-law looked over his mask to me, tears our only communion. What else did we need? We were joined in the miracle, the life that he had infused into the new branch of our family tree. He would be there now, his blessed genes and our daughter's running that new baby into becoming, his history and

ours united, just as he was in that moment with his wife and baby. When I slipped out to make my calls, they, I'm sure, were happily not even aware that I was gone.

In those times how I loved our "boys," that they were ours. But the greatest blessing of all: They were the men my daughters love and attentive fathers to those children we've seen born.

Besides that, there is the expansion of the families our daughters married into—especially the other parents—who have supported, tended, rallied for them as if they were their own. What a thing, to have two sets of parents for each child, of grandparents for each grandchild, all of us alive to offer our resources and pool our concerns, yet all independent enough that as yet the leaning of either generation is negligible and the distances just right. The Markosians, the Kilgores, the Riches, the Traberts, the Heaths—not a day passes that I don't give thanks for the mothers and fathers who brought up their sons to be what they are.

Fifteen years ago, when I had only one, I wrote about him in *The Family Bond* (Nishan Grey, Salt Lake City, 1973):

SON-IN-LAW

I wondered how it would be
to have a boy. Not a single one
but many in one: A soft one,
to swaddle in kisses
without reservation.

One of fine threads concealed
in the sparseness of cowboys.
One with daring arms able
to edify the exultation
of movement.

One with a welter of impulses,
extravagant and vile
in gentle comings and goings.
One with forbearance
of the tottering world
and the tentative gestures
hoping for love.

One with audacity
but no show of bravado,
no mask of pedigree,
no weaponry except instinct,
faith, and himself
for survival.

One animated by the simplest of things:
school bells, the silk of a petal,
the touch of a string, the lash of an ideal.
One to make beautiful passes
at the blazing secrets
and come up cherishing the earth.

There was no reason to improvise
what I never had.
Only to wait
in my sea of days
and the bounty of my daughters.

Some other island
fashioned this singular son,
all of it in him,
to live like a barrage of salt
these years
trembling with passing.

Now I have five—sons I would choose again and again. And I didn't have a thing in the world to do with it. In their forever and adventurous appropriation of our daughters, the taking away has been the great giving of. □

had an M.A. in English, because the history department was stronger at the time than the English department, and I thought I would get better training. I chose my field of concentration—early America—for much the same reason, though I must admit that the fit was perfect. I now make my living patching together the fragments of other people's lives.

Not too long ago, while looking for something in an old filing cabinet, I stumbled across the results of a personality test I took almost thirty years ago when I was a student at the University of Utah. Most of the scores were quite predictable, but when I came to "Autonomy," I was stunned. My score was so low as to be almost invisible. This from the Women's Debate Champion of the Western States! I may have been a high-achiever, but I was a wimp at heart. Readers of this column who have the mistaken impression that I am a liberated, self-directed feminist should know that I have never gone job hunting. When I finished my Ph.D., the Humanities Program at UNH came looking for me: they had a low paying position recently abandoned by another faculty wife. Four years later when one of my mentors left the university, I took his job, a tenure-track position.

Recently I was describing my career path to another woman historian. "I was lucky," I started to say, summarizing my progress at UNH from faculty wife, to graduate student, to part-time instructor, to tenured professor. Then I paused, knowing she was a feminist and would recognize the self-deprecation. "No, I worked hard," I said. "It wasn't easy." In the abstract my career seems like a small miracle. Following my husband into the hinterland, I found my own way. Yet remembering the details of that journey I think mostly of the numbing daily struggle to accomplish not just two but sometimes four or five things at once. It took me four years to finish a one-year M.A. and ten years to complete a Ph.D. After eight years on the UNH faculty, I have tenure, but I won't get a sabbatical until 1992, because the four years I spent in a "temporary" position don't count. Still, the patching and piecing I have done over the years have not only brought me much happiness, they have enlarged my freedom. There are pieces in my scrap pile that weren't there twenty years ago.

My father used to say, "If you can't do what you like, like what you do." I resist the grin-and-bear-it tone of that saying—making the best of things can

sometimes mean making less of oneself as a free agent and child of God. Yet I must admit that I do like what I do, even those parts of it I didn't choose. When I hear a student agonizing over what direction to take, I sometimes say, "Stop looking for the perfect major or the perfect job. Pick something—anything reasonable—and do it with all your heart. The next step will be easier." I think that's good advice, especially for young people who are burdened by too many options, who feel defeated by a cornucopia of possibilities. For myself, I feel more kinship with Aunt Jane. Occasionally someone will ask if I have ever contemplated writing a novel. I haven't. I enjoy struggling with predestined facts, rummaging through my piece bag of historical evidence for the forgotten scraps no one else has noticed. For me, writing fiction, as Robert Frost once said of writing free verse, would be like "playing tennis with the net down." Or in Aunt Jane's parlance, buying one's calico at the store. I am a historian for many reasons—because I like detective work, because I enjoy old things, because I love junk as well as art, because my husband brought me to New Hampshire. Because I am a quilter. □

DUPLEX

A new tenant has moved in;
a rather demanding sort.

But the laws protect the tenant
not the landlord.

He's remodeling;
he's taken away entirely the lovely view of my feet.

Up all night,
hours so different from mine.

He has interesting taste in food,
and a disgusting way of showing what he doesn't like.

In two more months my tenant's lease is up.

I will see my feet again
soon the tenant will step on them.

I've loved him from the day he moved in.
I'll always love him
because of the house we shared.

Melinda Whiteley
Salt Lake City, Utah

OBSERVATIONS MADE IN AN ADOLESCENT BOY'S BEDROOM

Mementos

Books

Tapes

SADD (Students Against Drunk Driving)

Contract

Athletic awards

Scholastic awards

Posters — "I'm too smart to study

and too cute to care"

— Girl provocatively reclining

on a Porsche

Plan of Salvation (from Seminary)

Eileene Zimmer
Etna, New York

ADAM

I.

He is one
and a half,
this bright New
Year's day

He names things
and they are
his: "sun, sky,
snow, sled, hill."
He likes them. They shine.
His father has brought him
with his sisters
in snowsuits
here to the hill
above the red school.

He already knows.
The first ride down
on his father's back
and he sparkled
to diamonds of sun
in the snow.
It was fast
and white.
He is ready to go
again. He didn't breathe
for the flying.

But Father says, "Wait,"
and turns to help
the girls.
Adam sees his own
red sled tilt
on the edge. He knows
he can make it
go without Father.
A lunge carries him
off. There's nothing
he can't do now.

This ride is better.
The wind comes and
changes the colors.
The white rushes
past and he likes
it like this, wants
to go all the way
to the wall.
The school is red
like his sled,
and it's coming,
fast as the snow
singing, fast as
the runners, fast as
his sled, as it
flies to the red
brick wall.

II.

He tries to open
his eyes. The light
won't let him. A blank
eye, it glares. He doesn't
know why it's angry.

A needle burns
in his arm. He wants
to pull it away, but
can't lift his hand.
His head is caught; why
are they holding him?
He can't see who's there;
he's lost
Father.

He is tied to things.
Held in place. He wonders
if he is broken
like Jessica's doll.
He is going
to cry. He doesn't
think they will ever
let him go. "Adam?" It is his
mother's
voice. He can't turn
to see her. "Lie
still. Your head is
hurt," she says. "You took
quite a fall."

III.

Now he gets to go
home. He has learned
his lessons. He says
to the doctor, "See
my black eyes? See
me walk?" To the nurse,
"My head was frac-tured."

Home is a different
place. Why did they move
his bed? Where is his
football? He doesn't
want the red sled, so
they take it outside.
It isn't so easy
to do things now.

But he gets
better. His mother
tells him one day
they have to go back
to the doctor. Adam
says, "No shots!
No I.V.!" But he knows
he will go. He is
almost two now,
learning how
things hurt,
how things are.
Still he tries
not to give in.
Not to say yes
to the hurting.

Susan Howe
Denver, Colorado

SHELL SHOCKED

They come back hollow.
Disaster dancing
In bloodless eyes.
Brittle bones
Seem to have been stacked
Tenuously, not to fall.
Someone carefully put on the last one,
Then closed his eyes and turned
And ran like Hell.
They seem to hold
Together
The puppet parts of life.
Though common sense says
Any life that comes through war
Has made a faulty choice.

Oh faultless sons
Of sonless mothers
Though you walk erect
You carry crippled souls
And your mangled minds
Fight to tunnel vision
On the narrow string of sanity.

Now you must smile
Practice pulling mouth corners
Ear to ear. Elastic stretch
For all to see.
Ping.
Back again.
A word or two.
Your public calls.
Vomit up a sound
That tastes of what
They want to hear.

You hear
Artillery.
Blasting
Bouncing back and forth
In the caverns of your skulls
Where sifted memories
Are like a deck of cards
Dropped and jumbled—
Sequence lost forever.
The dull thud thud
Pulsating your watered blood
On its spiral course
Is your curse to carry.
It carries you
To non-extinction
Among the living.

I am no hero.
My war was on the home front
And my shell is shocked
Beyond my recognition.

Kathie Rockwood
Salt Lake City, Utah

GRADUATION AT THE MARRIOTT CENTER

In black robes and yellow tassels,
they move slowly up the aisles, finally
settling in special places.

Beneath square caps
they become wise owls
sitting row by row.

We search face after face
for that one
but he is the whole, the flock.

They column out
like ribbons flowing upward
through the doors.

We meet at Portal "A".
They are individuals once again,
a lost one looking for his folks,
a bold one shaking hands
with numerous friends,
a fair one presented with roses
and a kiss.

From out the crowd
he's here,
the special one,
our son.

Helen Mar Cook
Ogden, Utah

SONNET IN A MOMENT OF TRUTH

I knew the symbolism of the flood
That parted for his hesitant young feet.
The well known prayer I heard a voice repeat
Recalled the promise of atoning blood
That henceforth, though the mantle that he wore
Would bear guilt's crest upon its darker side,
The garment's other surface, brightly dyed,
Offered him pardon and an open door
To restoration of the innocence
Swaddled in which he entered tainted earth.
Immersion and emergence, death and birth—
Passage home through grace and penitence.
All this I understood that pristine day
When he, white-robed, all of eight summers high,
In father's hands and under Father's eye,
Let covenant waves wash infancy away.

But no theology that is or that has been
Armored me to look upon my own child's sin.

Margaret Munk
1941-1986

SONS

Sons.
Great strapping youths
Who erupt like molten lead
Into manhood -
Touch my heart, quenched
By more years than theirs
Faces laid with bronze,
Eyes fire-filled and blazing
Tell Hope has had no serious setbacks.
Voices shattering into maturity
Echo, and tell of conquest
And countless possibilities,
Throwing new dimensions
Back and forth between themselves.

I see them, saplings straight
Branches reaching for light
Bursting height,
Thinking day is endless.
Each hand's a man's,
Each face chiseled into a monument
Of promise.
They make Man-movement,
Large and awkward,
Swashbuckling, bursting newness.

They are a pair,
My laughing, long-legged embryos of eternity,
Seeded by me
And succored
To separateness.

They light their corner of time and place
And are explosive with life blood of promise.
They will outstrip their mentors
And build new temples to new gods.
I will be dust when they pinnacle.
My only legacy—fierce love,
And the seed they carry into the future.

Sons,
Golden man-children
Grown out of me,
I would not see in you decay
And autumn's breath,
Or scatter petals on an early grave.
Please, Someone up there, remember—
It is Sons, in final trust,
Who must lay to rest
This shell of mortality.

Kathie Rockwood
Salt Lake City, Utah

ALL WORTHY

June 9th of this year marked the 10th anniversary of an event in Mormon history that changed the lives of all members and reversed a policy that had existed since the beginnings of the Church. On that day the First Presidency, under the leadership of Spencer W. Kimball, released a letter that stated:

As we have witnessed the expansion of the work of the Lord over the earth, we have been grateful that people of many nations have responded to the message of the restored gospel, and have joined the Church in ever-increasing numbers. This, in turn, has inspired us with a desire to extend to every worthy member of the Church all of the privileges and blessings which the gospel affords. . . .

. . . we have pleaded long and earnestly in behalf of [those from whom the priesthood has been withheld], our faithful brethren, spending many hours in the Upper Room of the Temple supplicating the Lord for divine guidance.

He has heard our prayers, and by revelation has confirmed that the long-promised day has come when every faithful, worthy man in the Church may receive the holy priesthood, with power to exercise its divine authority, and enjoy with his loved ones every blessing that flows therefrom, including the blessings of the temple. Accordingly, all worthy male members of the Church may be ordained to the priesthood without regard for race or color. . . .

The Church had for years been under considerable pressure to reverse the stand against blacks holding the priesthood. During the height of the civil rights movement of the 1960s, protest rallies were held in Salt Lake City and elsewhere. Into the 1970s, BYU athletic teams were picketed when at other campuses. Civil rights groups sent emissaries to Church leaders to encourage them to reverse the stand.

These events put considerable pressure on the Church leadership. Yet there was intransigence. When pressed for a reason for the ban on blacks holding the priesthood, the leadership responded that was it was the Lord's doing. Apostle Joseph Fielding Smith, in 1964, went so far as to suggest that blacks would never be admitted to the priesthood, but rather that Abel would have another mortal existence. At that time, blacks would have a chance to live again in bodies as descendants of not Cain but Abel, who's sons will become priests.

If there is a scriptural source for the anti-black stance of the Church, it is found in the *Pearl of Great Price* in Abraham 1:26, when a blessing Noah gave to Ham is described,

. . . Noah, his father, who blessed him with the blessings of the earth, and with the blessings of wisdom, but cursed him as pertaining to the Priesthood.

The foundation for the whole doctrine of black exclusion from the priesthood is found here. But is it scripture? Israel A. Smith, when president of the Reorganized LDS Church, wrote of the book of Abraham that it

is what Joseph Smith said of it, "a translation of some ancient records, that have fallen into our hands from the catacombs of Egypt, purporting to be the writings of Abraham. . . ." Joseph Smith

was only the translator of this Egyptian manuscript. He did not claim it as an original work of which he was the author. We have no record that Joseph Smith, Jr., ever endorsed its contents or teachings. He merely referred to it as a "purported" record. No claim was ever made to include it in the Scriptures of the church during his lifetime. The manuscript was purchased, by some of the Saints, from a traveling showman with some Egyptian mummies.

David O. McKay wrote in a letter 1947:

I know of no scriptural basis for denying the Priesthood to Negroes other than one verse in the Book of Abraham; however, I believe, as you suggest, that the real reason dates back to our pre-existent life.

J.D. Williams, a prominent LDS political scientist in the 1960s, pointed out that "when there is a conflict of law, the most recently adopted one prevails. The Book of Abraham represents things that happened about 2100 to 1900 B.C. So that is the date of the statements, the laws, that said the Negroes could not have the priesthood."

He went on to point out the scripture in 2nd Nephi 26:33, written about 550 B.C.—"much later than Abraham's writings"—states, speaking of the Lord:

. . . and he denieth none that come unto him, black and white, bond and free, male and female; . . . [my emphasis]

"There aren't enough black missionaries, and there aren't enough Black folks in leadership. But we're working on it."

The prior historical/theological/ethical issues, of course, can be argued *ad infinitum*. What is most important now is the effect that the change in policy has had on members of the Church, both black and white.

It is next to impossible for personal feelings to be eliminated from an article, especially one where interviewing occurs. It is virtually unheard of for the elimination of personal feelings to be acceptable in an article for *Exponent II*; therefore, I feel it appropriate to begin with my own experience with the "black question" in the Mormon Church.

I am a convert. I joined the Church in 1979, after the priesthood had been given to blacks. Frankly, I had always thought of the Church as having institutionalized racism. In many respects, I feel that is *still* the case. Nonetheless, I joined the Church on grounds of a *personal* testimony of the gospel. Coming from Judaism, LDS theology represented my first significant experience with Christianity. I read into Mormonism aspects of Christianity that are, while certainly a part of our doctrine, *not* seemingly a part of Mormon culture—things about Christianity that make it, in my opinion, a force for radical, pluralistic change in society.

My first ward was in Missouri. People in that ward are, for the most part, racist—not in the

personally vicious, violent, vehement sense, but in the institutionalized sense. Much of their prejudice is a result of their lineage and has been handed down to them from their ancestors who supported slavery (or at least turned the other cheek). Much of their prejudice comes from a perception of blacks inherent in the denial of priesthood to them—that they are an inferior people in the eyes of God.

After living in that area for a short while, we moved to a section of Kansas City that was racially mixed and abuted the so-called "Black Corridor." The ward boundaries in Kansas City were drawn in a rather bizarre fashion, and the Corridor was part of a ward primarily comprised of the southern semi-rural suburbs of the city. Our neighborhood included a very few active families and a number of inactive members.

When we arrived at church for the first Sunday, people asked where we lived. When I told them my address, they were shocked. "How can you live there with (or so close to) those people?" This question—or variations of it—was asked by many. I finally informed one brother that he was going to have a hell of a time (pun intended) getting into the Celestial Kingdom with that attitude. Needless to say, I wasn't one of the more popular fellows in Elders' quorum.

There were a few black members of that ward, and they were not very happy there. With few exceptions (my wife and I being most of the few), the ward members ignored them. I was *flabbergasted* to hear later that one of the black brothers had become a counselor in the Elder's quorum presidency. I have always appreciated the Lord's sense of justice in that calling.

Before the granting of the priesthood to black male members, there were many black members of the Church. An organization in Salt Lake City during that time, the "Genesis Group," had a small membership that got together to discuss common concerns and issues and pray for the revelation. In 1978, the leader was Ruffin Bridgeforth. He was quoted in *The New York Times* as believing that the revelation "may be a sign that we are approaching the end of time, a state of time of which the Bible speaks."

In preparing this article, I spoke to a number of black members, one of whom was in the Genesis Group and a member of the Church at the time of the revelation. The others have joined since that time and, in one instance, soon after the revelation—after having investigated the Church for four years preceding the revelation. Because of the desire of some of these brothers and sisters to remain anonymous, I have chosen to keep them all as such.

One brother with whom I spoke is a native of Mississippi, a self-described "Delta Nigger," who joined the Church in 1985 at the age of forty-six. This brother serves in the Elder's quorum presidency of his ward in the South. He knew very little about the Church as a young man. His story is as follows:

I joined the Church in 1985, at the age of forty-six. I am married, have three children, and work for a high-tech company as a service technician. I went to a black college, but had to drop out for lack of funds.

I never really knew of the Mormon Church when I was young, but I do remember seeing missionaries in Jackson when we'd travel there with

MALE MEMBERS . . .

Scott Adams-Cooper
Belmont, Massachusetts

Ma and Pa. They were all white boys, and they were lost-looking. We'd see them by the bus station, wearing suits when it was really hot out and carrying scriptures. They never talked to black folks at the bus station, but someone told me they were Mormons. Whatever that meant.

When I was transferred to a new city in 1983, some missionaries came to our door. We lived in a mostly black neighborhood with a few whites, but I think they were surprised to have the door answered by a black man. We invited them in, and they started to teach us. I don't really know why we let them in, except that we're basically friendly people, even to strangers and even to strangers who are white.

They taught us the gospel, and my family joined the Church later on. Before joining, I didn't really know anything about black folks not having the priesthood until I was interviewed for the Aaronic priesthood by the bishop. He asked me if I had any hard feelings about the Church's past, and I had to ask what past he meant.

Today in the Church here there are some blacks, but not too many. There aren't enough black missionaries, and there aren't enough black folks in leadership. But we're working on it. My ward has a black in the Elder's quorum presidency (me), a black in the bishopric, and a black Sunday School president (which doesn't do anything).

I guess maybe I've become pretty conservative in the Church, but I believe that President Kimball *did* get a revelation, and that some day we'll know why blacks didn't have the priesthood for so long.

One sister with whom I spoke has been a member of the Church since 1965 and lives in Salt Lake City. Her husband, recently deceased, was among the first black men to receive the priesthood in 1978. They were both active participants in the Genesis Group and were faithful member yearning for the opportunity to go through the temple and take their endowments. They finally went in 1979:

What a lot of people don't realize about blacks getting the priesthood is that the impact was not only on the black man, but on his wife as well. Finally we could go to the temple. It was such a joyous time because we were living in wards where not only were people prejudiced just because of the society they lived in, but where they felt, deep down inside, that we weren't as good as they were in the Lord's eyes. In Utah, if you can't go through the temple, you just don't count.

My husband and I were always faithful members. We spoke at firesides about what it was like to be ridiculed by other members of our race, not Church members, who were clamoring for civil rights in the Church. We were active in our ward and paid our tithing. Our families, who were not members, thought we were crazy. I had one uncle who said, "Ain't it bad enough that you can't escape the way society treats you bad? Why do you have to go to a church where you're dirt, too?" It wasn't hard for me to answer him, but you can be sure my answer wasn't much to him. I don't think that the revelation has changed much for us in the Church, other than temple and priesthood. Our ward is still made up of people

who live in a world of prejudice. The stigma of being a different color doesn't go away so quickly. There are people who will always think that the Church was better off without giving the priesthood to the blacks. But I have such a strong testimony of the gospel that it just doesn't matter what they think. And since I'm old, they are kind of afraid to give me any lip about it.

Another thing that has changed for the Church since the granting of the priesthood to blacks is missionary work. Prior to 1978, it was hard to do missionary work in the black communities because the Church, to the extent that it was known by those in the community, was perceived as a racist institution. Since 1978, and especially in the last three to four years, urban-based missions in the United States have been more conscientious in their efforts to convert blacks to the gospel.

"My belief in the gospel was strong all the time that I stayed in the Church. That's why I had to join once that obstacle wasn't there anymore."

The Church, however, tends to concentrate for the most part on missionary work within stable, middle-class, traditionally-nuclear-family-oriented communities. Our chapels tend to be in "safe" locations, isolated from urban blight and insulated from the cruel world around us. (They're similar to what shopping malls represent compared to community shopping districts: a controlled environment in terms of temperature, atmosphere, and so forth—no bag ladies, bums, etc.)

Missionary work in the black community is made difficult by the fact that in many cases there is no local building to bring prospective converts to. But this is starting to change, albeit on a small scale.

Take the Boston stake as an example. It has buildings all over the metropolitan area, but none in Boston itself. Even in the one "urban" location, Cambridge, the building is located in a wealthy residential district. In recent years, however, the stake and mission have made a more concerted effort to convert members of Boston's minority communities. (There has been a Spanish-speaking branch for many years, and a Chinese-speaking branch as well.)

Now there is a Boston branch, located in the black community. Members of other units in the stake have been assigned to nurture this burgeoning branch and serve in a variety of leadership roles.

I spoke with a white member of the Church who is assigned to the Boston branch. His attitude reflects in many ways the paternal attitude that others have indicated can exist:

The brothers and sisters of the Boston branch have so many problems in their families, like part-member families, and under-employment, and teenage pregnancies, and other things like that. It seems natural that we would help them out in the leadership of the branch. After all, they don't really have any experience in our Church.

They're strong in the gospel, though.

A black member of the same branch, new to the Church just last year, is indeed "strong in the gospel" but has a markedly different perspective on the participation of the white members from other units in the stake:

We welcome the help we get from the white members of the branch, but we are not incapable of leading this branch. We need help with our daily lives, not so much with running a Relief Society or a priesthood quorum. If our lives were more in order, we could concentrate on those things. Service projects, where they help us in our homes, would be more welcome.

We do get some of that, but not enough.

Another member of the branch, a single mother with three children, welcomes the white members of the branch but wishes that they'd "concentrate on helping people with our daily lives and not so much with spiritual things."

I spoke with a brother in one of the New York City wards. He joined the Church in December of 1978, after having investigated the Church for about four years. It was the denial of the priesthood to blacks that kept him out those four years and the granting of the priesthood that brought him in:

I don't believe it was a revelation from God that blacks could get the priesthood. I believe it was a revelation from God to those out-of-touch men that it was time to put aside their prejudices and join the modern world.

My belief in the *gospel* was strong all the time that I stayed out of the Church. That's why I had to join once that obstacle wasn't there anymore. I'm not too proud to say I'm a Mormon and agree that there was and is a problem with it being a racist Church. But the Lord doesn't care whether I'm black, brown, yellow, green, red, white, or blue. And it's my Church just as much as my white bishop's, and my white Elder's quorum president's, and my white home teacher's. What matters is that the Lord knows that. I can deal with people not knowing that, as long as I know that the Lord knows it. And he knew it long before the revelation.

Sure, there's prejudice in the Church. There's problems with people living in this world. There's problems with missionaries finding people who accept the gospel at the same time that they're being prejudiced. I don't really know what to do about that, but the Lord'll take care of it. Maybe He'll have to give the old men another revelation about that.

What comes across clearly in these conversations with black members of the Church is that they have strong testimonies of the gospel and that they, perhaps by nature of the special prejudice they experience in society, are able to separate the gospel from the Church when necessary. Just as they can be patriotic Americans and feel indignation against the policies of their government in arenas that affect their lives, so can they be faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and still bemoan the prejudices inherent in other members as human beings. □

THE MORNS ARE MEEKER THAN THEY WERE

Rob Hollis Miller
Union, Oregon

Sharon Edwards Kennedy's head ached from the base of her skull, over the top, and down to the bone above her brow. Scott was howling, and she felt like she would scream in a second. She had just gotten him to sleep after a night of colic when Jason—who was three and a half—had sneaked out of the bedroom and pinched his nose.

Jeremy, nine, who was supposed to keep Jason at bay, didn't care about anything but his models and his room. Now that the baby was awake, he had lost interest in him. "Don't put your toe in my room."

Jason, rejected, was starting to cry too.

Sharon yelled, nearly out of control. "Jeremy, you're selfish—selfish. I'm up all night, and you can't do one thing. When are you going to learn some consideration for the rest of the family? You let him into your room this minute. And you entertain him so I can get Jason back to sleep."

"You always say Jason when you mean Scott. How many times do I have to tell you it's Scott, Scott, Scott? After all, you named him."

"With your constant noise, it's a wonder I can remember any of your names." Sharon sank down in to the rocking chair after yelling at Ryan, five, to get out of the freezer. She would have swatted him if she hadn't been trying to rock the baby.

On the end table near her was a volume of the complete poems of Emily Dickinson. She hadn't looked at it in three years, but last night she had gotten it out and read some poems to the children.

She realized now she would never go back to graduate school, that there would be no doctoral thesis on Emily Dickinson. The poems that she had once loved seemed foreign to her now. She had fumbled through the book, trying to find familiar ones, unsure, as she read them aloud, just what it was about them that had once moved her so much.

The baby's sobs subsided as she rocked him. She looked out the picture window. The house still smelled of new lumber from the remodeling Jim had done over the winter. In the distance, she could see the big red Internationals waiting. They were waiting for the grain to be dry enough to cut. The day was hot, and the harvesting, which was two weeks behind because of rain, was about to get underway. The grain was already starting to sprout from the moisture and another day or two of rain could make their \$300,000 worth of wheat worthless.

The doorbell rang. She hadn't heard a car drive up. Another egg customer, she thought.

Ryan burst out of the bathroom, still greasy and dripping water. Jason plunged noisily out of Jeremy's room, who slammed the door behind him and locked it.

"Boys, I'll get the door. You just get away from it." But before she could get there with the baby, they had already pulled it open.

"It's a mommy, Mommy," Jason said.

It took her a moment to recognize Yinnie Harrison, her college roommate. "You've certainly secluded yourself. I had a time finding you."

Sharon's eyes didn't immediately focus on her. Instead she saw a blur against the fields of light tan grain. The brown hills were streaked with fingers of dark shadows and trees that, in this light, were indistinguishable. This scene was partially cut off by a tree in the yard that was prematurely shedding its leaves, probably from some undiagnosed disease.

As Sharon's eyes reluctantly turned to the confident figure in the doorway, this background faded. Reluctance, perhaps, because Yinnie's picture had been in *BYU Today* with its accompanying article announcing that Yinnie, after teaching five years at Berkeley, had been appointed chairman of women's studies at BYU. It was because of this article that Sharon had gotten her worn Emily Dickinson out in the first place.

Now Yinnie was in the doorway, dressed a little too warmly for this hot September morning, in Pendleton pants and jacket of understated fall colors, clothes that fit her perfectly.

"The house is such a mess," Sharon mumbled, which was true. There were magazines and newspapers mixed in with the toys scattered all over the living room. On the deep new carpet were balls of lint, streaks of dried mud, scraps of paper diapers, and other identifiable tidbits.

"I can see you've been busy," Yinnie said, as she came in. Sharon took this to be a reference to the children, who were pressing against Yinnie, touching her with their grubby hands, looking up in wide-eyed amazement.

"Out of the way, kids. For pete's sake, move on out of here. I SAID MOVE!" She had to turn up her volume full tilt before they budged.

"The house is such a mess I'm ashamed to let you in. Just clear off a place and sit down anyway," Sharon said with a bravado she didn't feel. She was humiliated by the condition of the house, as she always was when visitors arrived.

Yinnie moved a blanket that was soppy from being chewed, an *Ensign* that was wrinkled beyond readability, and a tennis shoe that spilled sand all over the rug as she lifted it. She hesitated, the shoe held aloft between two slim manicured fingers like some rotting specimen.

"Don't mind that, I'll get it later," Sharon said, and she pushed a bunch of stuff the other direction on the sofa, finally making room for her guest.

"I see you're still reading Emily Dickinson. She's still my passion too."

"Oh . . . yes," Sharon said, thinking that Yinnie only noticed the book because it was so out of place.

"You're on your way to Provo?"

"Yes, you heard—"

"I read it in *BYU Today*. Your appointment."

"I am excited. It's just the kind of thing we always talked about. Of course, I haven't seen my mail; I've been incommunicado for three weeks."

Incommunicado, Sharon thought. I guess that is how we talked.

"In Port Townsend—do you know it?—Washington. A spiritual renewal. Walking on the beach in the rain. It rained nearly every day. Reading and writing and introspection. The weather is insufferable in Utah in the summer anyway—now, the winters are something else. I'm looking forward to skiing. At first, I wasn't sure, but after this time to myself, I feel ready for this new calling." She stopped abruptly.

Sharon was having problems concentrating on what Yinnie was saying. Jeremy and Jason were crawling noisily behind the sofa, letting out intermittent screams of laughter. She couldn't ignore them any longer.

"You get out from there this instant. If I hear another peep out of either one of you, I'll swat your bottoms. NOW. I mean it. Both of you outside. OUTSIDE."

Both, suddenly subdued, moved tentatively toward the door with their heads lowered, as if they couldn't bear to look at their visitor. Then Jeremy opened the door, and they departed, overtaken with giggles.

Yinnie stayed a couple of hours, talking mainly about old times, the things they had planned as coeds, things which for Yinnie seemed to be coming true.

Sharon watched from the door as Yinnie walked to the sleek emerald MGB that was parked beside Sharon's dusty station wagon. Sharon watched it until the billows of dust had settled and the car was long out of sight. Only then did she shut the door and sit back down in the rocking chair.

She thought, I've tried hard to live the gospel, tried to follow the counsel of the brethren. I got married, quit school, put my husband first, had babies as they came, accepted all my Church assignments, and it's Yinnie who is going to teach at BYU. I have all these bright spirits to care for and raise, and I'm not temperamentally suited for it. The contribution I might have made is permanently lost. And Yinnie, who didn't even get married, is going to be a full professor. She felt the tears brimming.

But there was no more time to pursue these thoughts, to luxuriate in self-pity. The baby had begun to cry. Feeding time again; she felt her milk let down and in the same instant a twinge of the uterine cramps that would come with nursing. When she came out of the bathroom from washing her hands, Jeremy had taken Jason's shoe, and Jason was bawling. Ryan had begun to dismantle a lamp in the living room. Jim would be back soon for lunch. One of the hired men came to the back door because he couldn't find the key to the Jimmy, and Sister Jensen, one of her egg customers, came to the front door.

Just as she was sitting down to nurse the baby, who still needed changing, seven-year-old Ian uncloistered himself from his bedroom, where he had stayed the whole time Yinnie was in the house. A corner of the paper he shoved toward her grazed the baby's eye. "Look, Mom, I've written a poem—just like Emma Dickens did." ■

A GIFT OF INSIGHT

Anne Wunderli
Watertown, Massachusetts

Leaving Home: Personal Essays by Mary Lythgoe Bradford, published by Signature Books, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1987, 162 pages, \$7.95.

In *Leaving Home*, a collection of personal essays by Mary Lythgoe Bradford, I found many familiar images of growing up in and away from Utah. I was reminded how fortunate we are that women like Bradford helped establish and preserve a body of writing that is both for and about Mormon women. Her essays, written between 1971 and 1987, are grouped in four sections: "Leaving Home," "Settling In," "Moving On," and "Reaching Out."

In "Yesterday the Wardhouse," Bradford writes about how her life, during her early years, was intertwined around the wardhouse. This was during a period in our history when there was more opportunity, because of time and proximity, to socialize with other ward members. She describes in affirming tones the activities that took place there—from fast and testimony meetings, MIA and Primary, to roadshows, movies, and arts/crafts festivals.

"Mr. Mustard Plaster" describes a young Mormon wife as she settles into a new, strange life in Washington, D. C. She is naive about how the world outside operates, yet she retains the instinctual desire and ability to reach out to people around her.

In her essay, "Pillows of My Faith," she talks of those "pillows" that comfort her in the way that pillars cannot. Her pillows are people: parents, teachers, Church leaders—all of whom help her to weave her own tapestry of faith.

Several essays tell of Bradford's love of traveling. "This Precious Stone" describes her visit to England and the feelings that the trip stirs. "Ten-day Mission" relates her experience in the Philippines when she went to meet her missionary daughter.

Other essays help to define Mary Bradford: as a romanticist, as a lover of literature, and as a writer in "Girl of the Limberlost and Lonesome Pine"; as a scholar of literature and a lecturer on the importance of fiction in our lives in "Virginia Sorensen: A Saving Remnant"; as a humorist in "My Christmas Disasters," which describes her attempts at being "artsy-crafty" with hilarious results; and in "Diet Dialogue," where, with wry humor, Bradford describes her battle with dieting.

Collectively, *Leaving Home* can be read as an endorsement of the value of keeping a diary. Mary

Bradford has kept a diary from the time she was thirteen. In "Diary Chain," she gives a terrific reason for keeping a diary—when her then adolescent daughter Lorraine complained, "Mother, you just don't understand," Mary opened the diary that she wrote at Lorraine's age, with significant results. Mother and daughter were able to bridge the generation that separated them.

For me, the most unforgettable piece is "The Veil." Bradford writes about the passing of her mother: how she reconciles her feelings of somehow being responsible for her mother's death and how she and her family overcome their sadness and remember their mother with joy during her funeral program. Because her mother was also a diarist, Mary is able to read her mother's innermost thoughts about her joy for life, her love for Christmas, and her feelings when she became engaged.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if every woman had a collection of recorded feelings and experiences such as these to reflect upon and leave as a legacy to family and friends! □

A GIFT OF UNDERSTANDING

Lisa Palmer
Belmont, Massachusetts

Sisters in Spirit: Mormon Women in Historical and Cultural Perspective, edited by Maureen Ursenbach Beecher and Lavina Fielding Anderson, University of Illinois Press, 1987, 280 pages, \$21.95.

I long to understand what it was like for women in the early history of the Church. Likewise, I wish that the scriptures contained more references to women. *Sisters in Spirit*, a collection of nine essays and two poems, is important because it helps fill these gaps. It discusses women in our Mormon past, interprets scriptural passages that are about or addressed to women, and deals with issues in contemporary Mormon culture and attitudes towards roles of Mormon women.

The authors are Jolene Edmunds Rockwood, Melodie Moench Charles, Linda P. Wilcox, Maryann MacMurray, Carol Cornwall Madsen, Linda King Newell, Jill Mulvey Derr, Marybeth Raynes, and Grethe Ballif Peterson. They have written about various doctrinal, historical, and cultural subjects, including a discussion about what is known concern-

ing our Heavenly Mother, interviews with Mormon women about their attitudes concerning the priesthood, and an explication of the role of motherhood in Church doctrine.

I was particularly impressed with Rockwood's interpretation of the Adam and Eve story in her essay, "The Redemption of Eve." She explores the Hebrew meanings of words used and interprets the figurative language of the narrative. One insight I gained is that the inequality between Adam and Eve (and, hence, between the sexes) seems to exist in the fallen world but not in the pre-fallen, garden world. Rockwood also explores the meaning of the Hebrew word that has been translated in the King James Version as "helpmeet," and indicates that "power" or "strength" might be more meaningful translations. Through this interpretation, Eve was not just a passive sounding "helper." I will never view the creation story or the temple ceremony in the same way after studying Rockwood's essay. In fact, I have a strong urge to schedule a temple trip so that I can reflect on Eve and what the meaning of her story is and how it applies to me.

Linda King Newell, in "Gifts of the Spirit: Women's Share," traces the history of women's participation in ordinances, especially in the blessing and anointing of the sick. She quotes early Mormon prophets' encouragement to the sisters as they gave blessings by the laying on of hands, and then quotes later prophets' discouragement of the practice. Why

this practice was abolished is a mystery. Newell quotes a blessing that was used in Oakley, Idaho, the home of many of my ancestors. It was given to women before childbirth and during their labor and is quite beautiful. In part, that blessing read:

We unitedly lay our hands upon you to seal this washing and anointing where with you have been washed and anointed for your safe delivery, for the salvation of your child and we ask God . . . that every blessing that we have asked God to confer upon you and your offspring be literally fulfilled.

I was thrilled to think of the love among women of this community and the strength that this blessing must have passed on to the recipients. After reading this essay, I felt sad that women in the Church today are no longer encouraged to give blessings.

This book is a significant work. I tend to have conservative views, and at times I took issue with points of view that I perceived as more liberal than my own. Likewise, I am sure that less mainstream Mormons might disagree with some of the conservative attitudes expressed in the book; however, these essays and poems are thoughtful and honest. Their merit transcends labels of liberal or conservative. This collection inspires, instructs, and above all, by reading it, the reader gains an understanding of how women fit into the Church in times past and in the present day. □



MARY'S LOVE SONG

My God, beloved Lord,
Always I ponder in my heart
The glory of Thy Love.
And keep a passive face
To hide the secret smiles that wreath my days Remembering, with wonder,
The joy of Thy o'ershadowing embrace.

In me—me—
The seed of Thy Love quickens and grows,
My steps are heavy now,
But my heart glows...
Soon I will see Thee again,
My adored One,
In Thy Son.

Hurry little donkey—
Nay, gently go.
The pains are sharp and real and low.
Is't Bethlehem at last? A friendly inn?
Only a stable—cold, bare, alien.
No!
I am afraid!
Not here!
All mortal dread o'erwhelms me
With dark, suffocating fear.
I am alone, oh all alone, oh lonely... My God, oh why hast Thou forsaken me?

A star?
They say a new star shines tonight.
Ah, my Lord, I know the light
That emanates from Thee.
I feel it now,
Reaching all the corners of my need—
Pure Love, the power of life.
And suddenly all the world's a warm miracle In Thy Gracious Presence.

They say it is a new star.
Ah, it is the Sun, the Moon and all the Stars, my God!

It is the Father
Watching, waiting,
Listening for the first cry
Of our Son.
He is born, my Lord.
Look
The Prince of Love.

Gay N. Blanchard
Garland, Utah

As a young girl I loved to look at my mother's hands. To me they were elegant, long, and gracious. To her they were old and rough, not pretty and smooth like mine. She often wore her mother's wedding ring, which was a dainty cluster of rubies and pearls. When Mother died, the ring passed on to me. I tearfully slipped it on, and in astonishment and grief I saw my mother's hand where my mine had been.

There is a bond, mother to child, of which I was never consciously aware while my mother was alive. Since Mother's death in 1977 (I was 27), I have become analytical in watching relationships between mothers and daughters. I am envious because they are able to enjoy the relationship that I no longer can. I have found that other women I talk to also envy the quality of others' relationships.

Many times women have told me—with their hearts in their voices—how they still ache for their mothers. One woman wondered if she had become the kind of woman that would please her mother. Another woman told me that although her mother died twenty years ago, she still feels a lump in her throat when she remembers the love they shared and the things they can't share now.

At first this revelation filled me with horror. "Do you mean that in twenty years I will still hurt? I thought that the pain would lessen and maybe go away." I had expected my belief in an afterlife to restore me and relieve my aches. Since then I've learned that the pain changes, but it never goes away.

During a funeral, there is the promise of a reunion, and one is left to go on with one's life. I did that. I was married and had lived away from home for a number of years. The demands of my own family kept me very busy, but there were and are reminders. When a friend came over to work on a club quilting project, her mother came with her. Both were laughing and having a good time. I experienced a flashback of going shopping with my mother. I remember as a small child walking along the wide streets of our small home town, me chattering and Mother listening until we met someone Mother knew. Then they would visit, and I would listen, shifting my weight from one foot to another. When I was older, we loved to dig through remnant baskets, mentally sewing wonderful creations. Window-shopping was another of our greatest pleasures, something that I now love to do with my oldest daughter. We hold hands as we walk and occasionally give one another's hands a love squeeze, and my Chatty Cathy chatters on.

As a teen and young adult, I marveled at the detailed crocheted pillowcases and dish towels that mother made for my "hopeless chest." After I left home, Mother made new dresses for my dolls. She fixed them up and carefully stored them. Now my daughter, whom Mother never knew, plays with, loves, and cherishes these dolls that were so lovingly preserved.

I furnished a dollhouse for my girls this last Christmas and the more I did, the more I wanted to do. It was so much fun to crochet little rugs and Barbie wedding dresses and fashioning bread dough

HER TOUCH

RevaBeth L. Russell
Springville, Utah

flowers. I could hardly wait for the girls to go to sleep so I could squeeze in some creative moments on the doll house. I mentally anticipated their excitement with each detail I added. I warmly remembered my own doll house with embroidered pillowcases and a lined fur coat for my "Miss Revlon" doll, which Mother had worked on while I was asleep. I could never understand Mother's passion for making things for people, but suddenly, despite our vast differences, I see my mother's hands at the ends of my sleeves.

My mother had a beaver fur coat. She had had it for years, and it was long outdated, but she loved that coat. This was the coat that my childish arms hugged when Mother went out into the raw Utah winters with my dad. My fingers pushed softly through the fur, and the coat caught my tears on her return as I related the terrors of my bossy brothers. As we cleaned the house after Mother's death, Dad asked me if I wanted the coat. I said no. Perhaps it was too close, too soon. Later on, when I asked for the coat I found that it had been given to D.I. and I cried, but not for the coat. Now I understand why my mother had carefully stored the tissue-wrapped horsehair shawl that had been her grandmother's. I have that shawl, and once in a while I show it to my daughters, caressing the worn parts.

During the birth of my first daughter, we used the Lamaze method. Like a good coach, my husband gave me party-line doctrine, telling me I was "doing just fine." Exasperated and angry, I slugged him in the chest, making a bruise that lasted for weeks. I kept demanding, "If I am doing so fine, why does it hurt like this?" Now I question, "If I'm doing my best to live the commandments and every fiber of my soul believes in an afterlife, why does it hurt like this?"

I have been accused of being too sensitive. I realize that I am the kind who gets teary-eyed during the opening minutes of a local town musical or when I hear the lyrics, "I see my mother kneeling as she bows her head in prayer." Maybe I am overly sensitive; yet, I have felt others' grief, as intense as mine. Am I a failure in my faith because my hope in a hereafter doesn't fill the void? No one talks of this kind of loss. Life and the business of living must go on. Are we all embarrassed? Maybe others feel this way but cannot talk about it. Does it show the weakness in our faith? Perhaps it shows our lack of strength and character or our vulnerability.

There are days when my soul cries, "I want my mother!" I know in part that I am also crying for my Heavenly Mother. But then, would She care or listen to my endless prattle, or is She too busy having spiritual babies, as one Relief Society sister suggested? The Catholics have a female God that they can pray to. Why don't we? When Sonia Johnson announced that she was praying to her Heavenly Mother, I heard a lot of negative comments regarding this heretical behavior. Now, in some circles that feeling has changed, but I've yet to hear anyone publicly pray, "Our dear Father and Mother in Heaven." Was it our Heavenly Mother's

choice that She be muted, unreachable, and seemingly uncaring, or was this part of the priesthood plan? Where is Her comfort, Her touch? I have often been angry (angry is a mild word) with God and the male machinery of life. During those times, despite what Brigham Young said about those being the times one should pray, I cannot even stand the idea of praying to a male God. At times like that I want my mother (!), and Her type of onion soup.

I feel cheated out of a relationship with my Heavenly Mother much more than I feel that my children have been cheated out of the relationship with their grandmother. Wouldn't an Heavenly Mother be able to teach me much-needed patience? I realize that many of the attributes that Christ has (tenderness, sensitivity, and gentleness) are characteristics that are classified as feminine, but I can't picture Him, in mid-month cycle, throwing half a head of lettuce across the kitchen, collapsing in a heap of tears, wondering what is possessing Him. Wouldn't I be able to learn from someone who goes through depression, hormone imbalances, and mental, physical, and emotional fatigue? I want to be able to relate to a woman and understand her trials and know She understands mine. I need to hold Her hand as I walk in this life. I want and need female role models. There have been so few in my life. How I ache for the chance to bounce the trials of my children off Her or to have the comfort of Her care. I need that touch. Why have I been denied that contact? The dual loss of both my mothers echoes empty in my heart. I hunger and grasp for that communication. □



ANNOUNCEMENTS

AND NEWS

INSTRUCTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS

Exponent II publishes articles dealing with issues of concern to women and of interest to women and men. Our aim is to provide an open forum for the honest exchange of ideas. We accept articles on virtually any subject—personal essays, book reviews, fiction, humor, and poetry. Because *Exponent II*'s contributors and readers are predominantly Mormon, Mormon-related themes are common.

We welcome work from the inexperienced as well as the more practiced writer. Our editors are prepared to work closely with authors to improve their material. All articles are subject to editing with the author's approval.

To help writers new to *Exponent II*, we propose the following guidelines:

1. Revise your work carefully before submitting it.
2. Type your manuscript double spaced and use only one side of the sheet. (This includes responses to "Sisters Speak" questions.)
3. Place your name, address, and the title of your article in the upper right-hand corner of each page.
4. Although we occasionally publish longer articles, try to limit your article to between five and six typewritten pages.
5. Send an original plus three copies.
6. Keep a copy of your work; manuscripts will not be returned.
7. If you use an IBM-compatible computer, please also send us a copy of your article on a disc.

If you have considered writing for *Exponent II*, now's the time! Among upcoming topics of discussion are Mormon marriages, women missionaries, and the international church experience. Please let us hear from you. Send your manuscripts to:

Editor
Exponent II
Box 37
Arlington, MA 02174

EXPONENT II HOTLINE

Exponent II has a phone number you can call to suggest discussion topics for the paper, network with other readers, and have questions about subscriptions answered. The "Hotline" will be answered by machine if no one is available, and we will get back to you. The phone number is (617) 862-1928.

RECENT FRIENDS OF EXPONENT II

Maureen Alserda	Rachel M. Anderson
Helen Bee	Joyce R. Blacker
Merriam F. Bleyl	K. Carpenter
Lou Ann Circuit	Paul Clark
Elizabeth Clawson	Sue Clevenger
Eleanor Colton	Laura Criddle
Barbara G. Everson	Claudia Harris
Susan Paxman Hatch	Ruth Iverson
James W. Lucas	Mary Millett
Lisa Madsen Pearson	Nancy Proctor
Jo Ann Sloan Rogers	Rebecca A. Watkins
Connie Cannon Holbrook	

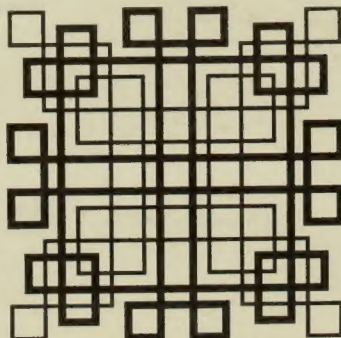
As we go to press, we are extremely gratified by the generous response from readers to our request for funds to enhance our computer operations. In a future edition we will print a list of all contributors. In the meantime, hearty thanks!

SUBSCRIPTIONS

It may be time for you to re-subscribe. Check the mailing label on the front (upper right-hand corner) of your copy of *Exponent II* for the renewal date. Please note also that because the post office does not forward *Exponent II*, it is important to send us any change-of-address well in advance. We continue to have problems with bulk mailing. We are exploring the possibility of mailing first-class, and until we can report on readers' response to that option, thanks for your patience.

SURVEY RESPONSE

The response to our recent readers' survey is extraordinary. If you haven't sent yours in yet, please do so soon. The feedback has already been helpful, and next fall we hope to share the results with you. Thank you for helping us to serve you better.



Editor	Susan L. Paxman
Managing Editors	Jan Adams-Cooper Nancy T. Dredge Barbara Streeper-Taylor
Senior Editors	Heather Cannon Cheryl Howard Ann Gardner Stone Laurel T. Ulrich
Sisters Speak/ Sisters Help Fiction/Poetry Book Reviews	Judy Dushku Susan Howe Chris Arrington Anne Wunderli
Associate Editors	Scott Adams-Cooper Melinda Smart Graves Jon L. Forsyth Martha Hales Stephanie Southwick
Art Editors	Eileen Perry Lambert Lori Thompson Forsyth Melinda Smart Graves Gretchen Maurer Hudson Catherine Hammond
Circulation Renewals Treasurer Bookkeeping Marketing Word Processing Back Issues Cover	Barbara Luddington Margaret Hillyard Scott Adams-Cooper Erik F. Paxman Linda Hoffman Kimball

Exponent II is published quarterly by Exponent II Incorporated, a non-profit corporation with no official connection with The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Articles published represent the opinions of authors only and not necessarily those of the editor or staff. Copyright © 1988 by Exponent II Incorporated. All rights reserved.



Yes, I'd like to subscribe to
Exponent II

☐ 1 year, \$700; ☐ 2 years, \$1400; ☐ Friend, \$25.00
Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Mexico, add \$300 postage per year
Overseas, add \$700 postage per year

☐ Renewal Subscription; ☐ Change of Address

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Mail with check or money order to Exponent II,
P.O. Box 37, Arlington, MA 02174
Moving? As third class mail Exponent II is not forwarded.
Please send us any change of address.